

THE
CHANCES,
A
COMEDY:

As it was Acted

AT THE
THEATER ROYAL.

Corrected and Altered by a PERSON
of HONOUR.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *A. B.* and *S. M.* and Sold by
Langley Curtis on *Ludgate Hill*, 1682.

THE
GENTLEMAN
A
COMEDY

As it was acted

AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL

Corrected and Altered by a Person
of Honour

L O N D O N

Printed by A. B. and S. M. and S. M.
Anglican Church on Ludgate Hill, 1682.

PROLOGUE.

OF all men those have reason least to care
For being laugh'd at, who can laugh their share :
And that's a thing our Author's Apt to use
Upon occasion, when no man can chuse.
Suppose now at this instant one of you
Were tickled by a Fool, what would you do ?
'Tis ten to one you'd laugh, here's just the case,
For there are Fools that tickle with their Face.
Your gay Fool tickles with his Dress, and Motions,
But your grave Fool of Fools, with silly Notions.
Is it not then unjust that Fops should still
Force one to laugh, and then take laughing ill ?
Yet since perhaps to some it gives offence,
That men are tickled at the want of Sence ;
Our Author thinks he takes the readiest way
To shew all he has laugh'd at here fair play.
For if ill writing be a folly thought,
Correcting ill is sure a greater fault.
Then Gallants laugh, but chuse the right place first,
For judging ill is of all faults the worst.

T H E

PROLOGUE

O

I

The Chances.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Peter and Anthony; two Servingmen.

Peter. **W**ould we were remov'd from this Town. (*Anthony*)
That we might taste some quiet for mine own part,

I'm almost melted with continual trotting
After Enquiries, Dreams; and Revelations,

Of who knows whom or where? serve wenching Soldiers,
I'll serve a Priest in Lent first, and eat Bell-ropes.

Anth. Thou art the frowardst Fool.

Pet. Why good tame *Anthony*?

Tell me but this; to what end came we hither?

Anth. To wait upon our Masters.

Pet. But how *Anthony*?

Answer me that; resolve me there good *Anthony*?

Anth. To serve their Uses.

Pet. Shew your Uses *Anthony*.

Anth. To be employ'd in any thing.

Pet. No *Anthony*,

Not any thing I take it; nor that thing;

We travell to discover, like new Islands;

A salt Itch serve such uses; in things of moment,

Concerning things I grant ye, not things errant,

Sweet Lady's things, and things to thank the Surgeon:

In no such things sweet *Anthony*; put case

Anth. Come, come, all will be mended: this invisible Woman

Of infinite report for Shape and Beauty,

B

That

I hat bred us all this trouble to no purpose,
They are determin'd now no more to think on.

Per. Were there ever

Men known to run mad with Report before?
Or wander after that they know not where
To find? or if found, how to enjoy? are mens brains
Made now adays of malt, that their affections
Are never sober? but like drunken people
Founder at every new fame? I do believe.

That men in love are ever drunk, as drunken men
Are ever loving.

Anth. Prethee be thou sober,
And know that they are none of those, not guilty
Of the least vanity of love, only a doubt

Fame might too far report, or rather flatter
The Graces of this Woman; made them curious
To find the truth, which since they find so
Lock't up from their Searches, they are now resolv'd
To give the wonder over.

Per. Would they were resolv'd
To give me some new shoes too; for I'll be sworn
These are e'n worn out to the reasonable souls
In their good Worships business, and some Sleep
Would not do much amiss, unless they mean
To make a Bell-man of me: here they come.

Enter Don John and Frederick.

Job. I would we could have seen her tho: for sure
She must be some rare Creature, or Report lies,
All mens reports too.

Fred. I could well wish I had seen *Constantia*;
But since she is so conceal'd, plac'd where
No knowledge can come near her; so guarded
As 'twere impossible, tho known, to reach her,
I have made up my belief.

Job. Hang me from this hour,
If I more think upon her,
But as she came a strange Report unto me,
So the next Fame shall lose her.

Fred. 'Tis the next way;
But whicher are you walking?

Job.

Joh. My old round
After my meat and then to bed.

Fred. 'Tis healthfull.

Joh. Will not you stir?

Fred. I have a little business.

Joh. I'd lay my life this Lady still

Fred. Then you would lose it.

Joh. Pray let's walk together.

Fred. Now I cannot.

Joh. I have something to impart.

Fred. An hour hence

I will not miss to meet ye.

Joh. Where?

Fred. I'th high street;

For not to lye, I have a few devotions

To do first, then I am yours.

Joh. Remember.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II

Enter Petruchio, Antonio, and two Gentlemen.

Ant. Cut his wind-pipe, I say.

1. *Gent.* Fie Antonio.

Ant. Or knock his brains out first, and then forgive him.

If you do thrust, be sure it be to th' hilts,

A Surgeon may see throw him.

1. *Gent.* You are too violent.

2. *Gent.* To open, undiscreeet.

Petr. Am I not ruin'd?

The Honour of my House crack'd? my Blood poyson'd?

My Credit and my Name?

2. *Gent.* Be sure it be so,

Before ye use this violence. Let not Doubt

And a suspecting Anger so much sway ye,

Your wisdom may be question'd.

Ant. I say kill him,

And then dispute the cause; cut off what may be,

And what is, shall be safe:

2. *Gent.* Hang up a true man,

Because 'tis possible he may be thievish:

Alas, is this good Justice?

Pet. I know as certain
As Day must come again; as clear as Truth;
And open as Belief can lay it to me,
That I am basely wrong'd, wrong'd above recompence;
Maliciously abus'd, blasted for ever
In Name and Honour, lost to all remembrance,
But what is smear'd and shameful; I must kill him,
Necessity compells me.

1. *Gent.* But think better.

Pet. There is no other Cure left: yet witness with me
All that is fair in man, all that is noble,
I am not greedy of this life I seek for,
Nor thirst to shed mans blood; and would 'twere possible,
I wish it with my soul, so much I tremble
To offend the sacred Image of my Maker,
My Sword could only kill his Crimes; no 'tis
Honour, Honour my noble Friends, that Idol Honour,
That all the World now worships, not *Petruchio*,
Must do this Justice.

Ant. Let it once be done,
And 'tis no matter, whether you or Honour,
Or both be accessory.

2. *Gent.* Do you weigh, *Petruchio*,
The value of the Person, power, and greatness,
And what this spark may kindle?

Pet. To perform it,
So much I am ty'd to Reputation,
And credit of my House, let it raise wild fires,
And storms that tols me into everlasting ruine,
Yet I must through; if ye dare side me.

Ant. Dare?

Pet. Yare friends indeed; if not.

2. *Gent.* Here's none flies from you,
Do it in what design you please, we'll back ye.

1. *Gent.* Is the cause so mortal, nothing but his life?

Pet. Believe me,

A less Offence has been the Desolation
Of a whole Name.

1. *Gent.* No other way to purge it?

Pet. There is, but never to be hop'd for.

2. *Gent.* Think an Hour more,
And if then ye find no safer road to guide ye,

We'll

We'll set up our Rests too.

Ans. Mine's up already,
And hang him for my part, goes less than life.

2. *Gent.* If we see noble Cause, 'tis like our Swords
May be as free and forward as your Words.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Don John.

Job. The civil order of this City Naples
Makes it belov'd, and honour'd of all Travellers,
As a most safe Retirement in all Troubles;
Beside the wholesome Seat and noble temper
Of those Minds that inhabit it, safely wise
And to all Strangers courteous: but I see
My Admiration has drawn night upon me,
And longer to expect my friend may pull me
Into suspicion of too late a stirrer,
Which all good Governments are jealous of.
I'll home, and think at liberty: yet certain,
'Tis not so far night, as I thought; for see,
A fair House yet stands open, yet all about it
Are close; and no lights stirring: there may be foul play
I'll venture to look in: If there be Knaves,
I may do a good Office.

[*Woman within.*]

Within. Signior?

John. What? how is this?

Within. Signior Fabritio?

John. I'll go nearer.

Within. Fabritio?

John. This is a Womans tongue, here may be good done.

Within. Who's there? Fabritio?

John. I.

Within. Where are you?

John. Here.

Within. O come for Heavens sake!

John. I must see what this means.

Enter Woman with a Child.

Within. I have stay'd this long hour for you, make no noise,

For

For things are in strange trouble here, be secret, out of this I will let you know.
 'Tis worth your care; be gone now, more eyes watch us,
 Than may be for our safeties.

John. Hark ye?

Within. Peace: goodnight.

John. She's gone, and I am loaden; fortune for me;

It weigh's well, and it feel's well; it may chance

To be some pack of worth: by th' Mafs 'tis heavy;

If it be Coin or Jewels, It is worth welcome;

I'll ne'r refuse a Fortune: I am confident

'Tis of no common price: now to my Lodging;

If it be right, I'll blefs this night.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Don Fredrick.

Fred. 'Tis strange,

I cannot meet him; sure he has encounter'd

Some light o' love or other, and there means

To play and in for this night. Well *Don John*,

If you do bring a leak, or get an itch,

Till you claw off your curl'd pate, thank your night walks:

You must be still a boot-haling: one round more,

Tho it be late, I'll venture to discover ye,

I do not like your out-leaps.

[Exit.]

SCENE V.

Enter Duke and three Gentlemen.

Duke. Welcom to Town, are ye all fit?

1. *Gent.* To point Sir.

Duke. Where are the Horses?

2. *Gent.* Where they were appointed.

Duke. Be private, and whatsoever Fortune

Offer it self, let us stand sure.

3. *Gent.* Fear us not.

E're you shall be endanger'd or deluded,

We'll make a black night on't.

Duke. No more, I know it;

You know your Quarters?

Gent.

1. *Gent.* Will you go alone Sir ?

Duke. Ye shall not be far from me, the least Noise
Shall bring ye to my Rescue.

2. *Gent.* We are counsel'd,

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE. VI.

Enter Don John.

John. Was ever man so paid for being curious ?
Ever so bob'd for searching out Adventures,
As I am ? did the Devil lead me ? must I needs be peeping
Into mens Houses where I had no business,
And make my self a mischief ? 'tis well carry'd ;
I must take other mens occasions on me,
And be I know not whom : most finely handled :
What have I got by this now ? what's the purchase ?
A piece of evening Arraswork, a Child,
Indeed an Infidel : this comes of peeping :
A lump got out of laziness ; good white bread,
Let's have no bawling with ye : 's death, have I
Known Wenches thus long, all the ways of Wenches,
Their Snares and Subtilties ? have I read over
All their School-learning, div'd into their Quiddits
And am I now bumbled with a Bastard ?
Fetch't over with a card offive, and in my old daies,
After the dire Massacre of a Million
Of maidenheads ? caught the common way, ith' night too
Under anothers name, to make the matter
Carry more weight about it ? well *Don John*,
You will be wiser one day, when ye've purchas'd
A Bevy of those Butter-prints together,
With searching out concealed Iniquities,
Without commission : why, it would never grieve me,
If I had got this Ginger-bread : never stirr'd me,
So I had a stroke for't : 't had been justice,
Then to have kept it ; but to raise a Dayry
For other mens Adulteries, consume my self in Candles,
And scouring work, in Nurfes, Bells, and Babies,
Only for Charity, for Meer I thank you,
A little troubles me : the least Touch for it,
Had but my Breeches got it, had contented me.

Whose

Whose e'r it is, sure 't had a wealthy Mothes
 For 'tis well cloath'd, and if I be not cozen'd,
 Well lin'd within: to leave it here were barbarous,
 And ten to one would kill it: a worse sin
 Than his that got it: well, I will dispose on't,
 And keep it, as they keep deaths Heads in rings,
 To cry *Memento* to me; no more Peeping:
 Now all the danger is, to qualify
 The good old Gentlewoman, at whose House we live,
 For she will fall upon me with a Catechism
 Of four hours long: I must endure all;
 For I will know this mother: come good wonder,
 Let you and I be jogging: your starv'd trebble
 Will waken the rude Watch else: all that be
 Curious night walkers, may they find my fee. [Exit.]

SCENE VII.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Sure he's gone home:
 I have beaten all the Purléws,
 But cannot bolt him: if he be a bobbing
 'Tis not my care can cure him to morrow morning
 I shall have further knowledge from a Surgeon
 Where he lies moor'd to mend his Laks.

Enter Constantia.

Con. I am ready,
 And through a world of dangers am flown to ye,
 Be full of hast and care, we are undone else:
 Where are your people: which way must we travell?
 For Heavens sake stay not here Sir.

Fred. What may this prove?

Con. Alas, I am mistaken. lost, undone,
 For ever perish'd, Sir for Heavens sake tell me,
 Are ye a Gentleman?

Fred. I am.

Con. Of this place?

Fred. No, born in Spain.

Con. As ever you lov'd honour,

As ever your desires may gain their ends,
Do a poor, wretched Woman but this Benefit,
For I am forc't to trust ye.

Fre. Y'ave charm'd me,
Humanity and Honor bids me help ye;
And if I fail your trust.—

Con. The time's too dangerous
To stay your protestations: I believe ye,
Alas, I must believe ye: From this place,
Good noble Sir, remove me instantly.
And for a time, where nothing but your self,
And honest Conversation may come near me,
In some secure place settle me. What I am,
And why thus boldly I commit my credit
into a Stranger's hand, the fears and dangers,
That force me to this wild course, at more leisure
I shall reveal unto you.

Fre. Come be hearty,
He must strike through my life that takes
You from me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

Enter Petruchio, Antonio, and two Gentlemen.

Pet. He will sure come. Are ye all well arm'd?

An. Never fear us.
Here's that will make 'em dance without a fiddle.

Pet. We are to look for no weak Foes, my Friends,
Nor unadvised ones.

An. Best Gamesters make the best Play,
We shall fight close and home then.

1. *Gent. Antonio,*
You are a thought too bloody.

An. Why? all Physicians
And penny Almanacks allow the opening
Of Veins this Month: Why do ye talk of bloody?
What come we for, to fall to cuffs for apples?

What would you make the Cause a Cudgel-Quarrel?

Pet. Speak softly, gentle Cosin.

An. I will speak truly;

What should men do ally'd to these Disgraces,
Lick o're his Enemy, sit down, and dance him?

2. *Gent.* You are as far o' th' Bow Hand now.

An. And try,

That's my fine Boy, thou wilt do so no more Child.

Pet. Here are no such cold pities.

An. By St. Jaques,

They shall not find me one : Here's old tough *Andrew*,

A special Friend of mine, and he but hold,

I'll strike 'em such a Horn-pipe : knocks I come for,

And the best blood I light on ; I profess it,

Not to scare Costermongers ; if I lose my own,

My audit's lost, and farwell five and fifty.

Pet. Let's talk no longer, place your selves with silence,

As I directed ye ; and when time calls us,

As ye are Friends, so shew your selves.

An. So be it. [Exit.]

SCENE IX.

Enter Don John and his Land-Lady.

Land. Nay Son if this be your regard.

Jo. Good Mother.

Land. Good me no goods, your Cousin and your self

Are welcome to me, whilst you bear your selves

Like honest and true Gentlemen : Bring hither

To my House, that have ever been reputed

A Gentlewoman of a decent and a fair Carriage,

And so behaved my self?

Jo. I know you have.

Land. Bring hither, as I say, to make my Name

Stink in my Neighbours Nostrials? Your devices,

Your Brats got out of Alligant and broken Oaths?

Your Linsey-wolsey work, your Hasty-Puddings?

I foster up your filch'd Iniquities?

Y^e are deceived in me, Sir, I am none

Of those receivers.

Jo. Have I not sworn unto you,

'Tis none of mine, and shew'd you how I found it?

Land. Ye found an easie fool that let you get it.

Jo. Will you hear me?

Land.

Land. Oaths? What care you for Oaths to gain your ends.
When ye are high and pamper'd? What Saint know ye?
Or what Religion, but your purpos'd lewdness,
Is to be look'd for of ye? nay, I will tell ye,
You will then swear like accus'd Cut-purses,
As far off truth too; and lye beyond all Falconers:
I'm sick to see this dealing.

Jo. Heaven forbid, Mother.

Land. Nay, I am very sick.

Jo. Who waits there?

Pet. Sir? (Within.)

Jo. Bring down the Bottle of *Canary* Wine.

Land. Exceeding sick, Heaven help me.

Jo. Haste ye sirrah,

I must e'en make her drunk; nay gentle Mother.

Land. Now fie upon ye, was it for this purpose
You fetch'd your Evening walks for your Devotions,
For this pretended holiness? no weather
Not before day could hold ye from the Mattins.
Were these your bo-peep Prayers? y'ave pray'd well,
And with a learned Zeal watch'd well too; your Saint
It seems was pleas'd as well: Still sicker, sicker.

Enter Peter with a Bottle of Wine.

Jo. There is no talking to her till I have drench'd her.
Give me: Here Mother, take a good round draught,
I will purge Spleen from your Spirits: deeper Mother.

Land. I, I, Son; you imagine this will mend all.

Jo. All, I faith Mother.

Land. I confess the Wine
Will do his part.

Jo. I'll pledge ye.

Land. But Son *John*.

Jo. I know your meaning Mother; touch it once more.
Alas you look not well, take a round draught,
It warms the blood well, and restores the colour,
And then we'll talk at large.

Land. A civil Gentleman?
A stranger? one the Town holds a good regard of?

Jo. Nay I will silence thee there.

Land. One that should weigh his fair name? oh a Stitch!

Jo. There's nothing better for a stitch, good Mother,
Make no spare of it as you love your health ;
Mince not the matter.

Land. As I said a Gentleman,
Lodge in my House ? now Heaven's my comfort *Signior!*

Jo. I look'd for this.

Land. I did not think you would have us'd me thus :
A woman of my credit : one, heaven knows,
That loves you but too tenderly.

Jo. Dear Mother,
I ever found your kindness and acknowledg it.

Land. No, no, I am a fool to counsel ye. Where's the Infant?
Come, let's see your workmanship.

Jo. None of mine Mother ;
But there 'tis, and a lusty one.

Land. Heav'n blefs thee,
Thou hadst a hasty making ; but the best is,
'Tis many a good man's fortune ; as I live,
Your own eyes *Signior* ; and the nether Lip
As like ye, as ye had spit it.

Jo. I am glad on't.

Land. Blefs me, what things are these ?

Jo. I thought my labour
Was not all lost, 'tis Gold, and these are Jewels,
Both rich, and right I hope.

Land. Well, well, Son *John*,
I see ye're a Wood man, and can chuse
Your Deer, though it be i'th' dark, all your discretion
Is not yet lost ; this was well clap'd aboard :
Here I am with ye now, when as they say
Your pleasure comes with profit ; when you must needs do,
Do where you may be done to, 'tis a wisdom
Becomes a young man well : be sure of one thing,
Lose not your Labour and your time together,
It seasons of a Fool, Son, time is precious,
Work wary whilst you have it : since you must traffick
Sometimes this slippery way, take sure hold *Signior*,
Trade with no broken Merchants, make your Lading,
As you would make your rest, adventurously,
But with advantage ever.

Jo. All this time, Mother,
The Child wants looking to, wants meat and Nurfs.

Land.

Land. Now blessing o' thy heart ; it shall have all,
And instantly ; I'll seek a Nurse my self, Son,
'Tis a sweet Child : ah my young *Spaniard*,
Take you no further care Sir.

Jo. Yes of these Jewels,
I must by your good leave Mother : these are yours,
To make your care the stronger : for the rest
I'll find a Master ; the gold for bringing up on't
I freely render to your charge.

Land. No more words,
Nor no more Children, (good Son) as you love me.
This may do well.

Jo. I shall observe your Morals,
But where's *Don Fredrick* (Mother ?)

Land. Ten to one
About the like adventure : he told me
He was to find you out.

[Exit.

Jo. Why should he stay thus?
There may be some ill chance in't : Sleep I will not,
Before I have found him : now this Woman's pleas'd,
I'll seek my Friend out, and my care is eas'd.

[Exit

SCENE. X.

Enter Duke and three Gentlemen.

1. Gen. Believe Sir, 'tis as possible to do it,
As to remove the City ; the main Faction,
Swarm through the Streets like *Hornets*, and with angers
Able to ruine States, no safety left us,
Nor means to die like men, if instantly
You draw not back again.

Du. May he be drawn,
And quarter'd too, that turns now, were I surer
Of death than thou art of thy fears, and with deaths
More than those fears are too!

1 Gen. Sir, I fear not.

Du. I would not break my vow, start from my honor,
Because I may find danger ; wound my Soul,
To keep my body safe.

1 Gen. I speak not Sir,
Out of a baseness to ye.

Du.

Du. No, nor do not
 Out of a baseness leave me: what is danger
 More than the weakness of our apprehensions?
 A poor cold part o' th' Blood? who takes it hold of?
 Cowards and wicked livers: valiant minds
 Were made the Masters of it, and as hearty Sea-men
 In desperate storms, stem with a little Rudder
 The tumbling ruins of the Ocean.
 So with their cause and Swords do they do dangers.
 Say we were sure to die all in this venture,
 As I am confident against it: is there any
 Amongst us of so fat a sense, so pamper'd,
 Would chose luxuriously to ly abed,
 And purge away his Spirit, send his Soul out
 In Sugar-sops, and Syrops? give me dying,
 As dying ought to be, upon mine enemy,
 Parting with mankind, by a man that's manly:
 Let 'em be all the world; and bring along
 Cain's Envy with 'em, I will on.

2 Gen. You may Sir,
 But with what safety?

1 Gen. Since 'tis come to dying,
 You shall perceive, Sir, that here be those amongst us
 Can die as decently as other men,
 And with as little Ceremony: On brave Sir.

Du. That's spoken heartily.

1 Gen. And he that flinches
 May he die louzy in a ditch.

Du. No more dying,
 There's no such danger in't:
 What's a clock?

3 Gen. Somewhat above your hour.

Du. Away then quickly,
 Make no noise, and no trouble will attend us.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI.

Enter Frederick and Anthony with a Candle.

Fre. Give me the Candle: So, go you out that way.

An. What have we now to do?

Fre. And o' your life sirrah,

Let

Let none come near the door without my knowledge,
No not my Landlady nor my Friend.

An. 'Tis done Sir.

Fre. Nor any serious business that concerns me.

An. Is the wind there again?

Fre. Be gone.

An. I am Sir:

Fre. Now enter without fear——

[Exit]

Enter 1. Constantia with a Jewel.

And noble Lady
That safety and civility ye with'd for
Shall truly here attend you: no rude tongue
Nor rough behaviour knows this place, no wishes
Beyond the moderation of a man,
Dare enter here: your own desires and innocence,
Joyn'd to my vow'd obedience, shall protect ye.

Con. Ye are truly noble,
And worth a womans trust: let it become me,
(I do beseech you Sir) for all your kindness,
To render with my thanks this worthless trifle;
I may be longer troublesome.

Fre. Fair Offices
Are still their own rewards: Heaven bless me Lady
From selling civil courtesies: may it please ye
If ye will force a favour to oblige me,
Draw but that Cloud aside, to satisfy me
For what good Angel I am engag'd.

Con. It shall be.
For I am truly confident ye are honest:
The piece is scarce worth looking on.

Fre. Trust me,
The abstract of all beauty, soul of sweetness,
Defend me honest thoughts, I shall grow wild else.
What eyes are there, rather what little Heavens,
To stir mens contemplations? what a Paradise
Runs through each part she has? Good Blood be temperate:
I must look off: too excellent an object
Confounds the Sense that sees it. Noble Lady,
If there be any further service to cast on me,
Let it be worth my life, so much I honour ye,

Or

Or the engagement of whole Families,

Con. Your service is too liberal, worthy Sir,
Thus far I shall intreat.

Fre. Command me Lady.
You make your power too poor.

Con. That presently
With all convenient haste you would retire
Unto the Street you found me in.

Fre. 'Tis done.

Con. There if you find a Gentleman oppress
With force and violence, do a mans office,
And draw your Sword to rescue him.

Fre. He's safe.
Be what he will, and let his Foes be Devils,
Arm'd with your beauty, I shall conjure
Retire, this Key will guide ye : all things necessary
Are there before ye.

Con. All my prayers go with ye, [Exit.]

Fre. Ye clap on proof upon me : men say Gold
Does all, engages all, works through all dangers :
Now I say beauty can do more : The King's Exchequer,
Nor all his wealthy *Indies*, could not draw me
Through half those miseries this piece of pleasure
Might make me leap into : we are all like Sea-Cards,
All our endeavours and our motions,
(As they do to the North) still point at beauty,
Still at the fairest : for a handfom Woman,
(Setting my soul aside) it should go hard,
But I would strain my body : yet to her,
Unless it be her own free gratitude,
Hopes ye shall dye, and thou tongue rot within me,
E're I infringe my faith : now to my rescue. [Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Duke pursu'd by Petruchio, Antonio,
and that Faction.*

Duke. You will not all oppress me?
An. Kill him i'th' wanton eye: Let me come to him.

Duke. Then you shall buy me dearly.

Petr. Say you so Sir?

An. I say cut his Wezand, spoil his peeping:
Have at your love-sick heart Sir.

Enter Don John.

Jo. Sure 'tis fighting.
My Friend may be engag'd: Fie Gentlemen,
This is unmanly odds.

An. I'll stop your mouth Sir.

Jo. Nay then have at thee freely:
There's a Plumb Sir to satisfy your longing.

Petr. Away: I hope I have sped him: here comes rescue:
We shall be endanger'd: where's Antonio?

An. I must have one thrust more Sir.

Jo. Come up to me.

An. A mischief confound your fingers.

Petr. How is it?

An. Well:

'Has given me my *Quietus est*; I felt him
In my small guts, I'm sure 'has feez'd me:
This comes of siding with you.

2 Gent. Can you go Sir?

An. I should go man, and my head were off,
Never talk of going.

Petr. Come, all shall be well then.
I hear more rescue coming.

{ Duke falls: Don John
bestrides him.

{ Trampling
within.

Enter the Duke's Faction.

An. Let's turn back then ;
My scull's uncloven yet, let me but kill.

Peter. Away for heaven's sake with him.

Jo. How is it ?

Duke. Well, Sir,
Only a little stagger'd.

Du. Fack. Let's pursue 'em.

Duke. No not a man I charge ye : thank's good Coat,
Thou hast sav'd me a shrew'd welcome : 'twas put home too,
With a good mind I'm sure on't.

Jo. Are you safe then ?

Duke. My thanks to you brave Sir, whose timely valour,
And manly courtesie came to my rescue.

Jo. Ye had foul play offer'd ye, and shame befall him
That can pass by oppression.

Duke. May I crave Sir,
But thus much honour more, to know your name ?
And him I am so bound to ?

Jo. For the Bond Sir,
'Tis every good man's tie : to know me further
Will little profit ye ; I am a stranger,
My Country *Spain*, my name *Don John*, a Gentleman
That came abroad to travell.

Duke. I have heard Sir,
Much worthy mention of ye, yet I find
Fame short of what ye are.

Jo. You are pleas'd Sir,
To express your Courtesie : may I demand
As freely what you are, and what mischance
Cast you into this danger ?

Duke. For this present
I must desire your pardon : you shall know me
E're it be long Sir, and a nobler thanks,
Than now my Will can render.

Jo. Your Will's your own Sir.

Duke. What is't you look for Sir, have you lost any thing ?

Jo. Opely my hat i'th' Scuffle ; sure these fellows
Were night-snaps.

Duke. No, believe, Sir : pray use mine,

For

For 'twill be hard to find your own now.

Jo. No Sir.

Duke. Indeed ye shall, I can command another :
I do beseech you honor me.

Jo. Well Sir then I will,
And so I'll take my leave.

Duke. Within these few daies
I hope I shall be happy in your knowledge.
Till when I love your memory.

Jo. I yours.

[*Exit cum suis.*]

Enter Frederick.

This is some noble fellow.

Fre. 'Tis his Tongue sure.

Don John?

Jo. *Don Frederick?*

Fre. Y'are fairly met Sir ?

I thought ye had been a Bat-fowling : prethee tell me,
What Revelations hast thou had to night,
That home was never thought of ?

Jo. Revelations ?

I'll tell thee *Frederick.* But before I tell thee,
Settle thy understanding.

Fre. 'Tis prepared Sir.

Jo. Why then mark what shall follow. . This night *Frederick,*
This bawdy night.

Fre. I thought no less.

Jo. This blind night,
What dost thou think I have got ?

Fre. The Pox it may be.

Jo. Would 'twere no worse : ye talk of Revelations,
I have got a Revelation will reveal me
An errant Coxcomb whilst I live.

Fre. What is't ?

Thou hast lost nothing ?

Jo. No, I have got I tell thee.

Fre. What hast thou got ?

Jo. One of the Infantry, a Child.

Fre. How ?

Jo. A chopping Child, man.

Fre. Give you joy Sir.

Jo. A lump of lewdnefs *Frederick* that's the truth on't:
This Town's abominable.

Fre. I still told ye *John*
Your whoring muſt come home ; I counsell'd ye :
But where no grace is——

Jo. 'Tis none of mine, man.

Fre. Answer the Parifh fo.

Jo. Cheated introth.

Peeping into a houſe, by whom I know not,
Nor where to find the place again: no *Frederick*,
'Tis no poor one,
That's my beſt comfort, for 't has brought about it
Enough to make it man.

Fre. Where is't ?

Jo. At home.

Fre. A ſaving Voyage : But what will you ſay *Signior*,
To him that ſearching out your ſerious worſhip,
Has met a ſtranger fortune ?

Jo. How good *Frederick* ?

A militant Girl to this Boy would hit it.

Fre. No mine's a nobler venture : what do you think Sir
Of a diſtreſſed Lady, one whoſe beauty
Would over-ſell all *Italy* ?

Jo. Where is ſhe——

Fre. A Woman of that rare behaviour,
So qualify'd, as Admiration
Dwells round about her : of that perfect Spirit——

Jo. I marry Sir.

Fre. That admirable Carriage,
That ſweetneſs in diſcourſe ; young as the Morning,
Her bluſhes ſtaining his.

Jo. But where's this Creature ?
Shew me but that.

Fre. That's all one ſhe's forth-coming,
I have her ſure Boy.

Jo. Heark ye *Frederick*,
What truck betwixt my infant ?

Fre. 'Tis too light Sir,
Stick to your charge good *Don John*, I am well.

Jo. But is there ſuch a Wench ?
Fre. Firſt tell me this,
Did you not lately as you walk'd along,

Discover

Discover People that were armed and likely
To do offence?

Jo. Yes marry, and they urg'd it
As far as they had spirit.

Fre. Pray go forward.

Jo. A Gentleman I found engag'd amongst 'em,
It seems of noble breeding, I'm sure brave mettall,
As I return'd to look you I set in to him,
And without hurt (I thank Heaven) rescu'd him,

Fre. My work's done then :

And now to satisfy you there is a Woman,

Oh *John*, there is a Woman——

Jo. Oh where is she?

Fre. And one of no less worth than I told ye;
And which is more, safe under my protection.

Jo. I am glad of that; forward sweet *Frederick*.

Fre. And which is more than that, by this night's wandering,
And which is most of all, she is at home too Sir.

Jo. Come let's be gone then.

Fre. Yes, but 'tis most certain,
You cannot see her *John*.

Jo. Why?

Fre. She has sworn me,
That none else shall come near her : not my Mother
Till some doubts are clear'd.

Jo. Not look upon her? what Chamber is she in?

Fre. In ours.

Jo. Let's go I say :

A Woman's Oaths are wafers, break with making,
They must for modesty a little : we all know it.

Fre. No I'll assure ye Sir.

Jo. Not see her?

I smell an old dog trick of yours, well *Frederick*,

Ye talk'd to me of whoring, let's have fair play,

Square dealing I would wish ye.

Fre. When 'tis come

(Which I know never will be) to that issue,

Your Spoon shall be as deep as mine Sir.

Jo. Tell me,

And tell me true, is the cause honourable?

Or for your ease?

Fre. By all our friendship, *John*,

'Tis

*Tis honest and of great end.

I am answer'd :

But let me see her though : leave the door open

As you go in.

Fre. I dare not.

Jo. Not wide open,

But just so, as a jealous Husband

Would level at his wanton Wife through.

Free. That courtesie,

If ye desire no more, and keep it strictly,

I dare afford ye : come, 'tis now near Morning.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Peter and Anthony.

Peter. Nay, the old Woman's gone too.

Anth. She's a Catterwauling

Amongst the Gutters ; but conceive me, *Peter*,

Where our good Masters should be ?

Peter. Where they should be,

I do conceive, but where they are, good *Anthony*——

Anth. I, there it goes : my Master's bo-peep with me,

With his sly popping in and out again,

Argu'd a Cause.

[*Lute sounds.*]

Hark.

Peter. What ?

Anth. Dost not hear a Lute ?

Agan ?

Peter. Where is't ?

Anth. Above, in my Master's Chamber.

Peter. There's no Creature : he hath the key himself man.

Anth. This is his Lute : let him have it.

{ Sing within a
little.

Peter. I grant ye ; but who strikes it ?

Anth. An admirable Voyce too, hark ye.

Peter. *Anthony*,

Art sure we are at home ?

Anth. Without all doubt *Peter*.

Peter. Then this must be the Devil.

Anth. Let it be.

Good Devil sing again : O dainty Devil,

Peter, believe it, a most delicate Devil,

The

The sweetest Devil ———

*Enter Frederick and Don John.**Fred.* If you would leave peeping.*Jo.* I cannot by no means.*Fred.* Then come in softly,
And as you love your Faith, presume no further
Than ye have promised.*Jo. Basco.**Fred.* What make you up so early Sir?*Jo.* You Sir, in your Contemplations.*Peter.* O pray ye peace Sir.*Fred.* Why peace Sir?*Peter.* Do ye hear?*Jo.* 'Tis your Lute. She's playing on't.*Anth.* The House is haunted Sir,
For this we have heard this half year.*Fred.* Ye saw nothing?*Anth.* Not I.*Peter.* Nor I Sir.*Fred.* Get you our Breakfast then,
And make no words on't; we'll undertake this Spirit,
If it be one.*Anth.* This is no Devil *Peter.*
Mum, there be Bats abroad.

[Exit ambo.]

Fred. Stay, now she sings.*Jo.* An Angels Voyce I'll swear.*Fred.* Why did'st thou shrug so?
Either alay this heat; or as I live
I will not trust ye.*Jo.* Pass: I warrant ye.

[Exeunt.]

*Enter. 1. Constantia.**Const.* To curse those Stars that men say govern us,
To rail at Fortune, to fall out with my Fate,
And tax the general World, will help me nothing:
Alas, I am the same still, neither are they
Subject to helps, or hurts; our own desires
Are our own Fates, and our own Stars, all our Fortunes,
Which as we sway 'em, so abuse or bless us.*Enter.*

Enter Frederick, and Don John Peeping.

Fred. Peace to your Meditations

Jo. Pox upon ye.

Stand out o'th' Light.

Const. I crave your mercy Sir;

My mind o'r charg'd with care made me unmannerly.

Fred. Pray ye set that mind at rest, all shall be perfect.

Jo. I like the Body rare; a handsome Body,
A wondrous handsome Body; would she would turn:
See, and that spiteful puppy be not got
Between me and my light again.

Fred. 'Tis done,

As all that you command shall be: the Gentleman
Is safely off all danger.

Jo. Rare Creature!

Const. How shall I thank ye Sir? how satisfy?

Fred. Speak softly gentle Lady, all's rewarded,
Now does he melt like Marmalad.

Jo. Nay, 'tis certain,
Thou art the sweetest Woman that eyes e'r look'd on.

Fred. None disturb'd ye?

Const. Not any Sir, nor any sound came near me,
I thank your care:

Fred. 'Tis well.

Jo. I would fain pray now,
But the Devil, and that Flesh there, o'th' World,
What are we made to suffer?

Fred. He'll enter;
Pull in your head and be hang'd.

Jo. Hark ye *Frederick*,
I have brought you home your Pack-Saddle.

Fred. Pox upon ye.

Const. Nay, let him enter: fie my Lord the Duke,
Stand peeping at your Friends.

Fred. Ye are cozen'd Lady,
Here is no Duke.

Const. I know him full well *Signior*.

Jo. Hold thee there *Wench*.

Fred. This mad-brain'd fool will spoyl all.

Const. I do beseech your Grace come in.

Jo.

Jo. My Grace,
There was a Word of Comfort.

Fred. Shall he enter,
Who e'r he be?

Jo. Well follow'd *Frederick*.

Const. With all my heart.

Enter Don John.

Fred. Come in then.

Jo. Bless ye Lady.

Fred. Nay, start not, though he be a Stranger to ye.
He's of a Noble strain, my Kinsman, Lady,
My Country man, and Fellow-Traveller,
One bed contains us ever, one purse feeds us,
And one Faith free between us; do not fear him,
He's truly honest.

Jo. That's a lie.

Fred. And trusty :

Beyond your wilhes : valiant to defend,
And modest to converse with, as your blushes.
Jo. Now may I hang my self ; this commendation
Has broke the neck of all my Hopes ; for now
Must I cry, no forsooth, and I forsooth, and surely,
And truly as I live, and as I am honest
'Has done these things for nonce too ; for he knows,
Like a most envious Rascal as he is,
I am not honest,
This way : h'as watch'd his time,
But I shall quit him.

Const. Sir, I credit ye.

Fred. Go, salute her *John*.

Jo. Plague o' your Commendations.

Const. Sir, I shall now desire to be a trouble.

Jo. Never to me, sweet Lady ; thus I seal
My Faith, and all my Service.

Const. One word *Signior*.

Jo. Now 'tis impossible I should be honest.
What points she at ? my Leg I warrant, or
My well-knit Body : sit fast *Don Frederick*.

Fred. 'Twas given him by that Gentleman
You took such care of ; his own being lost i'th' Scuffle.

E

Const.

Const. With much joy may he wear it : 'tis a right one
I can assure ye Gentlemen; and right happy
May he be in all fights for that Noble Service.

Fred. Why do ye blush?

Const. 'T had almost cozened me,
For not to lye, when I saw that, I look'd for
Another owner of it; but 'tis well.

Fred. Who's there?

[*Knock within.*]

Stand ye a little close: come in Sir.

Enter Anthony.

Now what's the News with you?

Anth. There is a Gentleman without,
Would speak with *Don John*.

Jo. Who Sir?

Anth. I do not know Sir, but he shews a man
Of no mean reckoning.

Fred. Let him shew his Name,
And then return a little wiser.

[*Exit Anthony.*]

Fred. How do you like her *John*?

Jo. As well as you *Frederick*,
For all I am honest; you shall find it too.

Fred. Art thou not honest?

Jo. Art thou an Ass?

And modest as her blushes? What a blockhead
Would e'r have popp'd out such a dry Apdlogy,

For his dear Friend? and to a Gentlewoman,

A Woman of her Youth, and Delicacy,

They are Arguments to draw them to abhor us.

An honest moral man; 'tis for a Constable:

A handsome man, a wholesome man, a tough man,

A liberal man, a likely man, a man

Made up like *Hercules*, unslack'd with Service:

The same to night, to morrow night, the next night,

And so to perpetuity of pleasures,

These had been things to hearken to, things catching;

But you have such a spiced consideration,

Such Qualmes upon your Worship's Conscience,

Such Chilblains in your blood, that all things prick ye,

Which Nature, and the liberal World makes Custom,

And nothing but fair Honour, O sweet Honour,

Hang

Hang up your Eunuch Honour : That I was trusty,
And valiant, were things well put in ; but modest !
A modest Gentleman ! O wit where wast thou ?

Fred. I am sorry *John*.

Jo. My Lady's Gentlewoman
Would laugh me to a School-boy, make me blush
With playing with my Cod-piece-point : sic on thee,
A man of thy discretion.

Fred. It shall be mended ;
And henceforth ye shall have your due.

Enter Anthony.

Jo. I look for't : how now, who is't ?

Anth. A Gentleman of this City,
And calls himself *Petruchio*.

Jo. I'll attend him.

Enter Constantia.

Const. How did he call himself ?

Fred. *Petruchio*,

Does it concern ye ought ?

Const. O Gentlemen,

The hour of my destruction is come on me,
I am discover'd, lost, left to my ruine :

As ever ye hay pity —

Jo. Do not fear,

Let the great Devil come, he shall come through me : first
Lost here, and we about ye ?

Fred. Fall before us ?

Const. O my unfortunate estate, all angers
Compar'd to his, to his —

Fred. Let his, and all mens,

Whil'st we have power and life, stand up for Heavens sake.

Const. I have offended Heaven too ; yet Heaven knows —

Jo. We are all evil :

Yet Heaven forbid we should have our deserts.

What is a ?

Const. Too too near to my offence Sir :

O he will cut me piece-meal.

Fred. 'Tis no Treason ?

Jo. Let it be what it will: if a cut here,
I'll find him cut-work.

Fred. He must buy you dear,
With more than common lives.

Jo. Fear not, not weep not:
By Heaven I'll fire the Town before ye perish,
And then the more the merrier, we'll jog with ye.

Fred. Come in, and dry your eyes.

Jo. Pray no more weeping:
Spoyl a sweet Face for nothing? my return
Shall end all this I warrant ye.

Const. Heaven grant it may.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE. IIL

Enter Petruchio with a Letter.

Petr. This man should be of Quality and worth
By *Don Alvaras* Letter, for he gives
No slight recommendations of him:
He e'en make use of him.

Enter Don John.

Jo. Save ye Sir: I am sorry
My business was so unmannerly, to make ye
Wait thus long here.

Petr. Occasions must be serv'd Sir:
But is your name *Don John*?

Jo. It is Sir:

Petr. Then,
First for your own brave sake I must embrace ye:
Next, for the credit of your noble Friend
Hernanda de Alvara, make ye mine:
Who lays his charge upon me in this Letter
To look ye out, and
Whil'st your occasions make you resident
In this place, to supply ye, love and honor ye;
Which had I known sooner——

Jo. Noble Sir,
You'll make my thanks too poor: I wear a Sword Sir,
And have a Service to be still dispos'd of

As

As you shall please command it.

Petr. That mainly curtesie is half my business : Sir,

And to be short, to make ye know I honor ye,

And in all points believe your worth like Oracle,

This day *Petruchio*,

A man that may command the strength of this place,

Hazard the boldest Spirits, hath made choice

Only of you, and in a noble Office.

Jo. Forward, I am free to entertain it.

Petr. Thus then :

I do beseech ye mark me.

Jo. I shall Sir.

Petr. Ferrara's Duke, would-I might call him worthy,

But that he has raz'd out from his Family,

As he has mine with infamy, This man,

Rather this powerful Monster, we being left

But two of all our House, to stock our Memoires,

My Sister *Constancia* and my self; with Arts and Witchcrafts,

Vows, and such Quasms Heaven has no mercy for,

Drew to dishonour this weak Maid, by stealth,

And secret passages I knew not of,

Oft he obtain'd his wishes, oft abus'd her,

I am asham'd to say the rest : This purchas'd,

And his hot blood allay'd, he left her,

And all our Name to ruine.

Jo. This was foul play,

And ought to be rewarded so.

Petr. I hope so;

He scap'd me yesternight :

Which if he dare again adventure for

Jo. Pray Sir what Commands have you to lay on me?

Petr. Only thus ; by word of mouth to carry him

A Challenge from me, that so (if he have honor in him)

We may decide all difference between us.

Jo. Fair, and noble,

And I will do it home : when shall I visit ye ?

Petr. Please you this afternoon, I will ride with ye ;

For at a Castle six mile hence, we are sure

To find him.

Jo. I'll be ready.

Petr. My man shall

Wait here, to conduct ye to my House.

Jo. I shall not fail ye Sir.

[Exit Petruchio.]

Enter Frederick.

Fred. How now?

Jo. All's well, and better than thou couldst expect, for this Wench here is certainly no Maid; and I have hopes she is the same that our two curious Coxcombs have been so long hunting after.

Fred. Why do ye hope so?

Jo. Why? because first she is no Maid, and next because she's handsome; there are two Reasons for you: now do you find out a third, a better if you can. For take this Frederick, for a certain Rule, since she loves the sport, she'll never give it over. And therefore (if we have good luck) in time may fall to our shares.

Fred. Very pretty Reasons indeed. But I thought you had known some particular that made you conclude this to be the Woman.

Jo. Yes, I know her name is *Constantia*; but I cannot believe her dishonest for

Fred. That now is something; but I cannot believe her dishonest for all this: she has not one loose thought about her.

Jo. It's no matter, she's loose with' hilt by Heaven. There has been stirring, fumbling with Linnen, *Frederick*.

Fred. There may be such a slip.

Jo. And will be *Frederick*, whilst the old Game's afoot. I fear the Boy too will prove hers I took up.

Fred. Good circumstance may cure all this yet.

Jo. There thou hit'st it *Frederick*, come let's walk in, and comfort her; that she is here is nothing yet suspected. Anon I shall tell thee why her Brother came, (who by this light is a noble Fellow) and what honor he has done to me, a Stranger, in calling me to serve him. There be Irons heating for some on my word *Frederick*. [Exit.]

A C T III. SCENE I.

Enter Landlady and Anthony.

Land. Come Sir, who is it keeps your Master Company?

Anth. I say to you, *Don John*.

Land. I say what woman?

Anth. I say so too.

Land. I say again I will know.

Anth. I say 'tis fit you should.

Land. And I tell thee he has a Woman here.

Anth. I tell thee 'tis then the better for him.

Land. Was ever Gentlewoman

So frumpt off with a Fool? well sawcy Sirrah,

I will know who it is, and to what purpose;

I pay the Rent, and I will know how my House

Comes by these inflammations: if this geer hold,

Best hang a sign-post up, to tell the *Siguior's*,

Here ye may have lewdness at livery.

Enter Frederick.

Anth. 'Twould be a great ease to your age.

Fred. How Now?

Why what's the matter Landlady?

Land. What's the matter?

Ye use me decently among ye, Gentlemen.

Fred. Who has abus'd her, you Sir?

Land. Od's my witness

I will not be thus treated, that I will not.

Anth. I gave her no ill Language.

Land. Thou liest lewdly,

Thou took'st me up at every word I spoke,

As I had been a Mawkin, a flirt Gillian;

And thou think'st, because thou canst write and read,

Our Noses must be under thee.

Fred.

Fred. Dare you Sirrah?

Anth. Let but the Truth be known Sir, I beseech ye,
She raves of Wenchés, and I know not what Sir.

Land. Go to, thou know'st too well, thou wicked Varlet,
Thou Instrument of evil.

Anth. As I live Sir, she's ever thus till Dinner.

Fred. Get ye in, I'll answer you anon Sir.

[Exit Anthony.]

Now your grief, what is't? For I can guess.

Land. Ye may, with shame enough,
If there were shame amongst ye; nothing thought on,
But how ye may abuse my house: not satisfied
With bringing home your Bastards to undo me,
But you must drill your Whores here too; my patience
Because I bear, and bear, and carry all,
And as they say (am willing to groan under)
Must be your make-sport now.

Fred. No more of these words,
Nor no more murmurings Lady; for you know
That I know something. I did suspect your anger,
But turn it presently and handsomely,
And bear your self discreetly to this Woman;
For such a one there is indeed.

Land. 'Tis well Son.

Fred. Leave off your Devil's Matins, and your Melancholies,
Or we shall leave our Lodgings.

Land. You have much need
To use these vagrant ways, and to much profit:

Ye had that might content
(At home within your selves too) right good Gentlemen,
Wholesome, and ye said handsome. But you Gallants,
Beast that I was to believe ye—

Fred. Leave your suspicion:
For as I live there's no such thing.

Land. Mine honor;
And 'twere not for mine honor.

Fred. Come, your honor,
Your house, and you too, if you dare believe me,
Are well enough: Sleek up your self, leave crying,
For I must have ye entertain this Lady
With all civility, she well deserves it:
Together with all service: I dare trust ye,
For I have found ye faithful: when you know her

You

You will find your own fault ; no more words, but do it.

Land. You know you may command me.

Enter Don John.

Jo. Worshipful Lady,
How doesthy Velvet Scabbard ? by this hand
Thou lookest most amiably : now could I willingly
(And 'twere not for abusing thy *Geneva* print there,) *Geneva*
Venture my Body with thee.—

Land. You'll leave this ropery,
When ye come to my years.

Jo. By this light,
Thou art not above fifteen yet, a meer Girle,
Thou hast not half thy teeth—

Fre. Prethee *John*
Let her alone, she has been vext already :
She'l grow stark mad, man.

Jo. I wou'd fain see her mad,
An old mad Woman—

Fre. Prethee be patient.

Jo. Is like a Millers Mare troubled with' Tooth ache.
She makes the rarest faces.

Fre. Go, and do it,
And do not mind this fellow.

Exit Landlady and comes back again presently.

Jo. What, agen !
Nay, then it is decreed : though hills were set on hills,
And Seas met Seas, to guard thee, I would through.

Land. Od's my witness, if ye ruffle me, I'll spoil your sweet face
for you, that I will. Go, go to the door there's a Gentleman there would
speak with ye.

Jo. Upon my life *Petruchio* ; good dear Landlady carry him into the
dining-Room, and I'll wait upon him presently.

Land. Well *Don John*, the time will come that
I shall be even with you.

Jo. I must be gone : yet if my project hold,
You shall not stay behind : I'll rather trust
A Cat with sweet milk *Frederick* ; by her face.

[*Exit*

F

Enter

Enter Constantia

I feel her fears are working.

Con. Is there no way,
I do beseech ye think yet, to divert
This certain danger.

Fre. 'Tis impossible:
Their Honors are engag'd.

Con. Then there must be murder,
Which Gentlemen, I shall no sooner hear of;
Then make one in't: you may, if you please Sir,
Make all go less.

Jo. Lady, wer't mine own cause,
I could dispence: but loaden with my Friends trust,
I must go on though general Massacreers
As much I fear—

Con. Do ye hear Sir; for Heavens sake
Let me request one favour of you.

Fre. Yes any thing.

Con. This Gentleman I find is too resolute,
Too hot, and fiery for the cause, as ever
You did a virtuous deed, for honor's sake
Go with him and allay him, your fair temper
And noble disposition, like with'd showers,
May quench those eating fires, that would spoil all else:
I see in him destruction.

I will do it.

Fre. And 'tis a wise consideration,
To me a bounteous favour: Hark ye *John*,
I will go with ye.

Jo. No.

Fre. Indeed I will,
Ye go upon a hazard; no denial;
For as I live I'll go:

Jo. Then make ye ready,
For I am strait a Horse-back.

Fre. My Sword on, and
I am as ready as you: what my blest Labour,
With all the art I have can work upon 'em,
Be sure of, and expect fair end: the old Gentlewoman
Shall wait upon ye, she is discreet and secret,
Ye may trust her in all points.

Con.

Con. Ye are noble;
And so I take my leave.

Jo. I hope Lady, a happy issue for all this.

Const. All Heavens care upon ye, and my prayers.

Jo. So,
Now my mind's at rest.

Fred. Away, 'tis late *John*.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Antonio, Surgeon, and a Gentleman.

Gent. What Symptoms do ye find in him?

Sur. None, Sir, dangerous, if he'd be rul'd.

Gent. Why! what does he do?

Sur. Nothing that he should. First, he will let no Liquor down but Wine, and then he has a fancy that he must be drest always to the Tune of *John Dory*.

Gent. How? to the Tune of *John Dory*?

Sur. Why? he will have Fiddlers, and make them play and sing it to him all the while.

Gent. An odd fancy indeed.

Ant. Give me some Wine.

Sur. I told you so. — 'Tis Death Sir.

Ant. 'Tis a Horse Sir. Dost think I shall recover with the help of Barley water only?

Gent. Fie, *Antonio*, you must be govern'd.

Ant. Why Sir? he feeds me with nothing but rotten Roots, and drown'd Chickens, stew'd *Pericraniums* and *Pia-maters*, and when I go to bed, (by Heaven 'tis true Sir) he rowls me up in lints with Labels at 'em, that I am just the man for the Almanack; my head and face is *Aries* place.

Sur. Will't please ye to let your Friends see you open'd?

Ant. Will't please you, Sir, to give me a brimmer? I feel my body open enough for that. Give it me, or I'll die upon thy hand, and spoil thy custom.

Sur. How, a brimmer?

Ant. Why look ye Sir, thus I am us'd still; I can get nothing that I want. In how long time canst thou cure me?

Sur. In forty days.

Ant. I'll have a Dog shall lick me whole in twenty.
In how long canst thou kill me?

Sur. Presently.

Ant. Do't that's the shorter, and there's more delight in't.

Gent. You must have patience.

Ant. Man I must have business; this foolish Fellow hinders himself; I have a dozen Rascals to hurt within these five days. Good Man-mender stop me up with Parsley like stuff'd Beef, and let me walk abroad.

Sur. Ye shall walk shortly.

Ant. I will walk presently Sir, and leave your Salads there, your green Salves and your Oyls, I'll to my old dyet again, strong Food, and rich Wine, and try what that will do.

Sur. Well, go thy ways, thou art the maddest old fellow I e'r yet met with.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

[*Enter Constantia and Landlady.*]

Const. I have told ye all I can, and more than yet Those Gentlemen know of me; but are they

Such strange Creatures say you?

Land. There's the younger,

Don John, the errant'st *Jack* in all this City;

The other, time has blasted, yet he will stoop

If not o'rflown, and freely on the Quarry;

He's been a Dragon in his days. But *Tarmont*,

Don Jenkin is the Devil himself, the dog-days,

The most incomprehensible Whoremaster,

Twenty a night is nothing; the truth is,

Whose chastity he chops upon, he cares not.

He flies at all; Bastards upon my conscience,

He has now in making multitudes: The last night,

He brought home one; I pity her that bore it,

But we are all weak Vessels, some rich Woman

(For wife I dare not call her) was the Mother,

For it was hung with Jewels; the bearing cloath

No less than Crimson Velvet.

Const. How?

Land. 'Tis true Lady.

Const. Was it a Boy too?

Land. A brave Boy; deliberation

And judgment shew'd in's getting, as I'll say for him;

He's as well pac'd for that sport

Const. May I see it?

For

For there is a Neighbour of mine, a Gentlewoman,
Has had a late mischance, which willingly
I would know further of; now if you please
To be so courteous to me.

Land. Ye shall see it :

But what do ye think of these men now ye know 'em ?
Be wise,
Ye may repent too late else ; I but tell ye
For your own good, and as you will find it Lady.

Const. I am advis'd.

Land. No more words then ; do that,
And instantly, I told ye of, be ready.

Don John, I'll fit ye for your frumps.

Const. I shall be :

But shall I see this Child ?

Land. Within this half hour,
Let's in, and there think better.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Petruchio, Don John, Frederick.

Jo. Sir, he is worth your knowledge, and a Gentleman
(If I that so much love him, may commend him)
That's full of honor ; and one, if foul play
Should fall upon us, (for which fear I brought him)
Will not fly back for phillips.

Petr. Ye much honor me,
And once more I pronounce ye both mine.

Fred. Stay, what Troop
Is that below i'th' Valley there ?

Jo. Hawking I take it.

Petr. They are so ; 'tis the Duke, 'tis even he Gentlemen,
Sirrah, draw back the Horses till we call ye,
I know him by his Company.

Fred. I think too
He bends up this way.

Petr. So he does.

Jo. Stand you still,
Within that covert, till I call : he comes
Forward ; here will I wait him : to your places.

Petr. I need no more instruct ye ?

Jo. Fear me not.

[*Exit Petruchio and Frederick.*]

Enter Duke and his Faction.

Duke. Feed the Hawks up,
We'll fly no more to day : O my blest Fortune,
Have I so fairly met the man ?

Jo. Ye have Sir,
And him ye know by this.

Duke. Sir, all the honor,
And love——

Jo. I do beseech your Grace stay there, and
Dismiss your Train a little.

Duke. Walk aside,
And out of hearing I command ye : now Sir
Be plain.

Jo. I will, and short ;
Ye have wrong'd a Gentleman, beyond all Justice,
Beyond the Mediation of all Friends.

Duke. The man, and manner of wrong ?

Jo. Petruchio ;
The wrong, ye have dishonour'd his Sister.

Duke. Now stay you Sir,
And hear me a little : This Gentleman's
Sister that you nam'd, 'tis true I have long lov'd,
As true I have enjoy'd her : no less truth
I have a Child by her. But that she, or he,
Or any of that Family are tainted,
Suffer disgrace, or ruine, by my pleasures,
I wear a Sword to satisfy the World no,
And him in this Cause when he pleases ; for know Sir,
She is my Wife, contracted before Heaven,
(Witness I owe more tie to, than her Brother)
Nor will I fly from that Name, which long since
Had had the Churches approbation,
But for his Jealous Nature.

Jo. Your pardon Sir ; I am fully satisf'd.

Duke. Dear Sir, I knew I should convert ye ; had we
But that rough man here now too——

Jo. And ye shall Sir.
What hoa, hoo.

Duke. I hope ye have laid no Ambush ?

Enter

Enter Petruccio.

Jo. Only Friends.

Duke. My noble Brother welcome :
Come put your anger off, we'll have no fighting.
Unless you will maintain I am unworthy
To bear that Name.

Petr. Do you speak this heartily ?

Duke. Upon my Soul, and truly ; the first Priest
Shall put you out of these doubts.

Petr. Now I love ye ;

And I beseech ye pardon my suspicions,
You are now more than a Brother, a brave Friend too.

Jo. The good man's over-joy'd.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. How now, how goes it ?

Jo. Why, the man has his Mare again, and all's well :
The *Duke* professes freely he's her Husband.

Fred. 'Tis a good hearing.

Jo. Yes, for modest Gentlemen. I must present ye :
May it please your Grace

To number this brave Gentleman, my Friend,
And noble Kinsman, amongst the rest of your Servants.

Duke. O my brave Friend ! you shower your Bounties on me :
Amongst my best thoughts *Signior*, in which number
You being worthily dispos'd already,
May freely place your Friend.

Fred. Your Grace does me a great deal of honor.

Petr. Why, this is wondrous happy : But now Brother,
Now comes the bitter to our sweet : *Constantia*.

Duke. Why, what of her ?

Petr. Nor what, nor where do I know :
Wing'd with her fears, last night, beyond my knowledge,
She quit my house, but whither ———

Fred. Let not that ———

Duke. No more good Sir, I have heard too much.

Petr. Nay sink not,
She cannot be so lost.

Jo. Nor shall not Gentlemen ;

Be

Be free again, the Lady's found; that smile, Sir,
Shews you distrust your Servant.

Duke. I do beseech ye.

Jo. Ye shall believe me, by my Soul she's safe.

Duke. Heaven knows I would believe Sir.

Fred. Ye may safely.

Jo. And under noble usage: this Gentleman,
Met her in all her Doubts last night, and to his Guard
(Her fears being strong upon her) she gave her Person,
Who waited on her, to our Lodging; where all respect,
Civil, and honest Service now attend her.

Petr. Ye may believe now.

Duke. Yes I do, and strongly;
Well, my good Friends, or rather my good Angels,
For ye have both preserv'd me; when these virtues
Die in your Friends remembrance —

Jo. Good your Grace
Lose no more time in Complements, 'tis too precious,
I know it by my self, there can be no Hell
To his that hangs upon his hopes.

Petr. He has hit it.

Fred. To Horse again then, for this night I'll crown
With all the Joys ye wish for.

Petr. Happy Gentleman.

Enter Francisco, and a Man.

Fran. This is the maddest mischief, never Fool was so sub'd off as I
am, made ridiculous, and to my self, to my own As; trust a Woman,
I'll trust the Devil first, for he dares be better than his word sometimes.
Pray tell me, in what observance have I e'r fail'd her?

Man. Nay, you can tell that best your self.

Fran. Let me consider.

Enter Don Frederick and Don John.

Fred. Let them talk, we'll go on before.

Fran. Where did'st thou meet *Constantia*, and this Woman?

Fred. *Constantia*! what are these Fellows? Stay by all means.

Man. Why Sir, I met her in the great Street that comes from the
Market-place, just at the turning by a Gold-smith's Shop.

Fred. Stand still John.

Fran.

Fran. Well, *Constantia* has spun her self a fair thred now: what will her best Friend think of this?

Fred. John, I smell some juggling, *John*.

Jo. Yes, *Frederick*, I fear it will be prov'd so.

Fran. But what should the reason be dost think of this so suddain change in her?

Fred. 'Tis she.

Man. Why, truly I suspect she has been entic'd to it by a Stranger.

Jo. Did you mark that *Frederick*?

Fran. Stranger? who?

Man. A young Gentleman that's newly come to Town.

Fred. Mark that too.

Jo. Yes Sir.

Fran. Why do you think so?

Man. I heard her grave Conductress twattle something as they went along that makes me guess it.

Jo. 'Tis she *Frederick*.

Fred. But who that he is *John*.

Fran. I do not doubt to bolt 'em out, for they must certainly be about the Town. Ha! no more words; come, let's be gone. [Exeunt]

Fred. Well.

(*Fran. and Man.*)

Jo. Very well.

Fred. Discreetly.

Jo. Finely carri'd.

Fred. Ye have no more of these Tricks?

Jo. Ten to one Sir, I shall meet with 'em if ye have.

Fred. Is this fair?

Jo. Was it in you a Friends part to deal double?

I am no Ass *Don Frederick*.

Fred. And, *Don John*, It shall appear I am no Fool: Disgrace me to make your self thus every Woman's courtesie; 'tis boyish, 'tis base.

Jo. 'Tis false: I privy to this Dog-trick? Clear your self, for I know well enough where the wind sits, or as I have a life—— [Trample within.]

Fred. No more, they are coming, shew no discontent, let's quietly away; If she be at home our Jealousies are over, if not, you and I must have a farther parly *John*.

Jo. Yes, *Don Frederick*, ye may be sure we shall: but where are these Fellows? Pox on't, we have lost them too in our Spleens, like Fools.

Enter Duke and Petruchio.

Duke. Come Gentlemen, Let's go a little faster;

G

Suppose

Suppose you have all Mistresses, and mend
Your pace accordingly.

Jo. Sir, I should be as glad of a Mistress as an other man.

Fred. Yes, o' my Conscience would'st thou, and of any other man's
Mistress too; that I'll answer for. [Exit.]

SCENE V.

- Enter Antonio and his Man.

Ant. With all my Gold?

Man. The Trunk broke open, and all gone.

Ant. And the Mother in the Plot?

Man. And the mother and all.

Ant. And the Devil and all: the mighty Pox go with 'em: belike they
thought I was no more of this World, and those trifles would but disturb
my Conscience.

Man. Sure they thought, Sir, you wou'd not live to disturb them.

Ant. Well, my sweet Mistress, I'll try how handsomely your Ladiship
can hang upon a pair of Gallows, there's your Master-piece. No imagi-
nation where they should be?

Man. None Sir: yet we have search'd all places we suspected; I be-
lieve they have taken towards the Port.

Ant. Get me then a Water-Conjurer, one that can raise Water-Devils,
I'll port 'em, play at Duck and Drake with my money? Get me a Con-
jurer I say, enquire out a man that lets out Devils.

Man. I don't know where.

Ant. In every Street *Tom Fool*, any blear-ey'd people with red heads,
and flat noses can perform it. Thou shalt know 'em by their half gowns,
and no breeches. Find me out a Conjurer, I say, and learn his price, how
he will let his Devils out by the day. I'll have 'em again if they be a-
bove Ground. [Exit.]

SCENE VI.

Enter Duke, Petruchio, Frederick, and John.

Petr. Your Grace is welcome now to Naples; so ye are all, Gentle-
men.

Jo. Don Frederick, will you step in, and give the Lady notice who
comes to visit her?

Petr. Bid her make haste, we come to see no curious Wench, a night-
gown

gown will serve turn. Here's one that knows her nearer.

Fred. I'll tell her what you say Sir.

[*Exit.*

Petr. Now will the sport be to observe her alterations, how betwixt fear and joy she will behave her self.

Duke. Dear Brother, I must entreat you——

Petr. I conceive your mind Sir, I will not chide her.

Enter Frederick and Peter.

Jo. How now ?

Fred. You may Sir : not to abuse your patience longer, nor hold ye off with tedious circumstance; for ye must know——

Petr. What?

Duke. Where is she ?

Fred. Gone Sir.

Duke. How?

Petr. What did you say Sir ?

Fred. Gone : by Heaven remov'd. The Woman of the house too.

Petr. What, that reverend old Woman that tir'd me with Compliments ?

Fred. The very same.

Jo. Well, Don Frederick.

Fred. Don John, it is not well. But——

Petr. Gone ?

Fred. This Fellow can satisfie I lie not.

Petr. A little after my Master was departed, Sir, with this Gentleman, my Fellow and my self being sent on business, as we must think on purpose.

Petr. Hang these Circumstances, they always serve to usher in ill ends.

Jo. Now could I eat that Rogue, I am so angry. Gone?

Petr. Gone ?

Fred. Directly gone, fled, shifted, what would you ha' me say ?

Duke. Well, Gentlemen, wrong not my good opinion.

Fred. For your Dukedom, Sir, I would not be a Knave.

Jo. He that is, a Rot run in his blood.

Petr. But hark ye Gentlemen, are ye sure ye had her here? Did ye not dream this ?

Jo. Have you your nose Sir ?

Petr. Yes Sir.

Jo. Then we had her.

Petr. Since ye are so short, believe your having her shall suffer more construction.

Jo. Well Sir, let it suffer.

Fred. How to convince ye Sir, I can't imagine, but my life shall justify my innocence, or fall with it.

Duke. Thus then——for we may be all abus'd.

Petr. 'Tis possible.

Duke. Here let's part until to morrow this time; we to our way, to clear this doubt, and you to yours. Pawning our honors then to meet again? when if she be not found——

Fred. We stand engag'd to answer any worthy way we are call'd to.

Duke. We ask no more.

Petr. To morrow certain.

Jo. If we out-live this night Sir. [Exit Duke and Petru.]

Fred. Come, *Don John*, we have somewhat now to do.

Jo. I am sure I would have.

Fred. If she be not found, we must fight.

Jo. I am glad on't, I have not fought a great while.

Fred. If we die——

Jo. There's so much money sav'd in Lechery. [Exit.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter 2. Constantia and her Mother.

Mo. **H**Old *Cons.* hold, for goodness hold, I am in that desertion of Spirit for want of breath, that I am almost reduc'd to the necessity of not being able to defend my self against the inconvenience of a fall.

2. *Const.* Dear Mother let us go a little faster to secure our selves from *Antonio*; for my part I am in that terrible fright, that I can neither think, speak, nor stand still, till we are safe a Ship-board, and out of sight of the Shore.

Mo. Out of sight o'the Shore? why, do ye think I'll depatriate?

2. *Const.* Depatriate? what's that?

Mo. Why, ye Fool you, leave my Country: what will you never learn to speak out of the vulgar road?

2. *Const.* O Lord, this hard word will undo us.

Mo. As I am a Christian, if it were to save my honour (which is ten thousand

thousand times dearer to me than my life) I would not be guilty of so odious a thought.

2 *Con.* Pray Mother, since your honour is so dear to ye, consider that if we are taken, both it and we are lost for ever.

Mo. Ay Girl, but what will the world say, if they should hear so odious a thing of us, as that we should depatriate?

2 *Con.* Ay, there's it, the world; why, Mother, the world does not care a pin if both you and I were hang'd; and that we shall be certainly, if *Antonio* takes us, for running away with his Gold.

Mo. Protest I care not, I'll ne'r depart from the demarches of a person of Quality; and let come what will, I shall rather choose to submit my self to my fate, then strive to prevent it by any deportment that is not congruous in every degree to the steps and measures of a strict practitioner of honor.

2 *Con.* Would not this make one stark mad? Her stile is not more out of the way, then her manner of reasoning; she first sells me to an ugly old fellow, then she runs away with me and all his gold, and now like a strict practitioner of honor, resolves to be taken, rather then depatriate, as she calls it.

Mo. As I am a Christian, *Cons*, a Tavern, and a very decent Sign; I'm I am resolv'd, though by it I should run a Risk of never so stupendious a Nature.

2 *Con.* There's no stopping her: what shall I do?

Mo. I'll send for my Kins-Woman and some Musick, to revive me a little; for really, *Cons*, I am reduc'd to that sad imbecility by the injury I have done my poor feet, that I'm in a great incertitude whether they will have liveliness sufficient to support me up to the top of the stairs or no.

2 *Con.* This sinning without pleasure I cannot endure; to have always a remorse, and ne'r do any thing that should cause it, is intolerable. If I lov'd money too, which (I think) I don't, my Mother she has all that; I have nothing to comfort my self with but *Antonio's* stiff Beard, and that alone, for a Woman of my years, is but a sorry kind of entertainment. I wonder why these old fumbling fellows should trouble themselves so much, only to trouble us more. They can do nothing, but put us in mind of our graves. Well, I'll no more on't; for to be fright-ed with Death and Damnation both at once is a little too hard. I do here vow I'll live for ever chaste, or find out some handsome young fellow I can love; I think that's the better;

[*Mother looks out at the Window.*]

Mo. Come up, *Cons*, the Fiddles are here.

2 *Con.* I come. — [*Mother goes from the Window.*]
I must be gone, though what I cannot tell; these Fiddles, and her dis-

creet

street Companions will quickly make an end of all she has stolen, and then 500 New Pieces sells me to another old fellow. She has taken care not to leave me a farthing; yet I am so, better than under her conduct: 'twill be at worst but begging for my life;

And starving were to me an easier Fate
Than to be forc'd to live with one I hate.

{ Goes up to her
Mother.

SCENE II.

Enter Don John.

Jo. It will not out of my head but that *Don Frederick* has sent away this Wench, for all he carries it so gravely: yet methinks he should be honest than so; but these grave men are never touch'd upon such occasions: mark it when ye will, and you'll find a grave man, especially if he pretend to be a precise man, will do ye forty things without remorse, that would startle one of us mad Fellows to think of. Because they are familiar with Heaven in their prayers, they think they may be bold with it in any thing: now we that are not so well acquainted, bear greater Reverence.

[Musick plays above.

What's here, Musick and Women? would I had one of 'em.

[One of 'em looks out at the Window.

That's a Whore; I know it by her smile. O' my conscience take a Woman masked and hooded, nay covered all o're so that ye cannot see one bit of her, and at 12 score distance, if she be a whore as ten to one she is, I shall know it certainly; I have an instinct within me never fails. [Another looks out. Ah Rogue! she's right too I'm sure on't.

Mo. above. Come, come let's dance in t'other room, 'tis a great deal better.

Jo. Say you so? what now if I should go up and dance too? It is a Tavern. Pox o' this business: I'll in I am resolv'd, and try my own fortune; 'tis hard luck if I don't get one of 'em.

As he goes to the door 2 Constantia enters.

Sec, here's one bolted already: fair Lady whither so fast?

2. Con. I don't know Sir.

Jo. May I have the honor to wait upon you?

2. Con. Yes, if you please Sir.

Jo. Whither?

2. Con. I tell ye I don't know.

Jo. She's very quick. Would I might be so happy as to know you Lady

2. Con.

2. *Const.* I dare not let you see my face Sir.

Jo. Why?

2. *Const.* For fear you should not like it, and then leave me, for to tell you true, I have at this present very great need of you.

Jo. If thou hast half so much need of me, as I have of thee Lady, I'll be content to be hang'd though.

2. *Const.* It's a proper handsome Fellow this; if he'd but love me now, I would never seek out further. Sir, I am young, and unexperienced in the World.

Jo. Nay, if thou art young, it's no great matter what thy face is.

2. *Const.* Perhaps this freedom in me may seem strange; but Sir, in short, I'm forc'd to fly from one I hate, if I should meet him, will you here promise he shall not take me from you?

Jo. Yes, that I will, before I see your face, your shape has charm'd me enough for that already; if any one takes ye from me, Lady, I'll give him leave to take from me too — (I was a going to name 'em) certain things of mine, that I would not lose, now I have you in my arms, for all the Gems in Christendom.

2. *Const.* For Heaven's sake then conduct me to some place where I may be secured a while from the sight of any one whatsoever.

Jo. By all the hopes I have to find thy face as lovely as thy shape, I will.

2. *Const.* Well Sir, I believe ye, for you have an honest look.

Jo. 'Slid I am afraid *Don Frederick* has been giving her a character of me too. Come, pray unmalque.

2. *Const.* Then turn away your face; for I'm resolv'd you shall not see a bit of mine till I have set it in order, and then —

Jo. What?

2. *Const.* I'll strike you dead.

Jo. A mettled Whore, I warrant her; come if she be now but young, and have but a nose on her face, she'll be as good as her word: I'm e'en panting for breath already.

2. *Const.* Now stand your ground if you dare.

Jo. By this light a rare creature! ten thousand times handsomer than her we seek for! this can be sure no common one: pray Heaven she be a Whore.

2. *Const.* Well Sir, what say ye now?

Jo. Nothing; I'm so amaz'd I am not able to speak. I'd best fall to presently, though it be in the Street, for fear of losing time. Prethee my dear sweet Creature go with me into that corner, that thou and I may talk a little in private.

2. *Const.* No Sir, no private dealing I beseech you.

Jo.

Jo. 'S Heart, what shall I do? I'm out of my wits for her. Hark ye, my dear Soul, canst thou love me?

2. *Const.* If I could, what then?

Jo. Why, you know what then, and then should I be the happiest man alive.

2. *Const.* I, so you all say till you have your desires, and then you leave us.

Jo. But, my dear Heart, I am not made like other men; I never can love heartily till I have——

2. *Const.* Got their Maidenheads; but suppose now I should be no Maid.

Jo. Prethee suppose me nothing, but let me try.

2. *Const.* Nay, good Sir hold.

Jo. No Maid? why, so much the better, thou art then the more experienc'd; for my part I hate a bungler at any thing.

2. *Const.* O dear, I like this Fellow strangely: hark ye Sir, I am not worth a groat, but though you should not be so neither, if you'll but love me, I'll follow ye all the World over; I'll work for ye, beg for you, do any thing for ye, so you'll promise to do nothing with any body else.

Jo. O Heavens, I'm in another World, this Wench sure was made a purpose for me, she is so just of my humour. My dear, 'tis impossible for me to say how much I will do for thee, or with thee, thou sweet bewitching Woman; but let's make haste home, or I shall never be able to hold out till I come thither.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Frederick and Francisco.

Fred. And art thou sure it was *Constantia*, say'st thou that he was leading?

Fran. Am I sure I live Sir? why, I dwelt in the house with her; how can I chuse but know her?

Fred. But did'st thou see her face?

Fran. Lord Sir, I saw her face as plainly as I see yours just now, not two Streets off.

Fred. Yes, 'tis e'en so: I suspected it at first, but then he forswore it with that confidence——Well, *Don John*, if these be your practices, you shall have no more a Friend of me, Sir, I assure you. Perhaps though he met her by chance, and intends to carry her to her Brother and the Duke.

Eme

Enter Don John, and Second Constantia.

A little time will shew. — Gods so, here he is ;
I'll step behind this Shop, and observe what he say's.

Jo. Here, now go in, and make me for ever happy.

Fred. Dear *Don John*.

Jo. A pox o' your kindness, how the Devil comes he here just at this time ? Now will he ask me forty foolish Questions, and I have such a mind to this Wench, that I cannot think of one excuse for my life.

Fred. Your Servant Sir ; pray who's that you lock'd in just now at that door ?

Jo. Why, a Friend of mine that's gone up to read a Book.

Fred. A Book ? that's a quaint one I faith : prethee *Don John* what Library hast thou been buying this Afternoon ? for i'th' Morning to my knowledge thou had'st never a Book there, except it were an Almanack, and that was none of thy own neither.

Jo. No, no, it's a Book of his own he brought along with him. A Scholar that is given to reading.

Fred. And do Scholars (*Don John*) wear Petticoats now adays ?

Jo. Plague on him, he has seen her. — Well *Don Frederick*, thou know'st I am not good at lying, 'tis a Woman I confess it, make your best on't, what then ?

Fred. Why then, *Don John*, I desire you'll be pleas'd to let me see her.

Jo. Why, faith *Frederick*, I should not be against the thing, but ye know a man must keep his word, and she has a mind to be private.

Fred. But *John* you may remember when I met a Lady so before, this very self same Lady too, that I got leave for you to see her *John*.

Jo. Why, do ye think then that this here is *Constantia* ?

Fred. I cannot properly say I think it *John*, because I know it ; this Fellow here saw her as you led her i'th' Streets.

Jo. Well, and what then ? who does he say it is ?

Fred. Ask him Sir, and he'll tell ye.

Jo. Sweet heart, dost thou know this Lady ?

Fran. I think I should Sir, I ha' liv'd long enough in the House with her to know her sure.

Jo. And how do they call her prethee ?

Fran. *Constantia*.

Jo. How ! *Constantia* ?

Fran. Yes Sir, the Woman's name is *Constantia* ; that's flat.

Jo. Is it so Sir ? and so is this too.

Fran. Oh, Oh.

[Strikes him.]

[Runs out.]

H

Jo.

Jo. Now Sirrah, you may safely say you have not born false witness for nothing.

Fred. Fie, *Don John* why do you beat the poor Fellow for doing his Duty, and telling truth?

Jo. Telling truth? thou talk'st as if thou had'st been hir'd to bear false witness too: ye are a very fine Gentleman.

Fred. What a strange confidence he has? But is there no shame in thee? nor no consideration of what is just or honest, to keep a Woman thus against her will, that thou know'st is in love with another man too; do'st think a Judgment will not follow this?

Jo. Good dear *Frederick*, do thou keep thy Sentences and thy Morals for some better opportunity, this here is not a fit Subject for 'em: I tell thee she is no more *Constantia* than thou art.

Fred. Why won't you let me see her then?

Jo. Because I can't: besides she is not for thy turn.

Fred. How so?

Jo. Why, thy *Genius* lies another way; thou art for flames, and darts, and those fine things: now I am for the old plain down-right way; I am not so curious *Frederick* as thou art.

Fred. Very well Sir; but is this worthy in you to endeavour to debauch ———

Jo. But is there no shame? but is this worthy? what a many butts are here? If I should tell thee now solemnly thou hast but one eye, and give thee reasons for it, would'st thou believe me?

Fred. I think hardly Sir, against my own knowledg.

Jo. Then why dost thou, with that grave face, go about to persuade me against mine? You should do as you would be done by *Frederick*.

Fred. And so I will Sir, in this very particular, since there's no other remedy; I shall do that for the *Duke* and *Petruchio*, which I should expect from them upon the like occasion: in short, to let you see I am as sensible of my honour, as you can be careless of yours; I must tell ye Sir, that I'm resolv'd to wait upon this Lady to them.

Jo. Are ye so Sir? Why I must then, sweet Sir, tell you again, I am resolv'd you shan't. Ne'r stare, nor wonder, I have promis'd to preserve her from the sight of any one whatsoever, and with the hazard of my life will make it good; but that you may not think I mean an injury to *Petruchio*, or the *Duke*, know *Don Frederick*, that though I love a Wench perhaps a little better, I hate to do a thing that's base, as much as you do. Once more upon my honor this is not *Constantia*; let that satisfy you.

Fred. All that will not do. ——— [Goes to the Door.]

Jo. No? why then this shall. (Draws) Come not one step nearer, for if thou do'st, by Heaven it is thy last.

Fred.

Fred. This is an insolence beyond the temper of a man to suffer ; — thus I throw off thy friendship, and since thy folly has provok'd my patience beyond its natural bounds, know it is not in thy power now to save thy self.

Jo. That's to be try'd Sir, though by your favour. [*Looks up to the window.* Mistress what you call 'em, — prethee look out now a little, and see how I'll fight for thee.

Fred. Come, Sir, are you ready?

Jo. O Lord, Sir, your Servant.

[*Fight.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Duke, and Petruchio.

Petr. What's here fighting? let's part 'em. How? *Don Frederick* against *Don John*? how came you to fall out, Gentlemen? What's the Cause?

Fred. Why Sir, it is your quarrel, and not mine, that drew this on me: I saw him lock *Constantia* up into that house, and I desir'd to wait upon her to you; that's the Cause.

Duke. O, it may be he design'd to lay the obligation upon us himself. Sir, we are beholden to you for this favour, beyond all possibility of —

Jo. Pray, Sir, do not throw away your thanks before you know whether I have deserv'd 'em or no. O, is that your design? Sir you must not go in there. [*Petruchio's going to the Door.*

Petr. How, Sir, not go in?

Jo. No Sir, most certainly not go in.

Petr. She's my Sister, and I will speak with her.

Jo. If she were your Mother Sir, you should not, though it were but to ask her blessing.

Petr. Since you are so positive, I'll try.

Jo. You Shall find me a man of my word Sir.

[*Fight.*

Duke. Nay pray Gentlemen hold, let me compose this matter. Why do you make a scruple of letting us see *Constantia*?

Jo. Why, Sir, 'twould turn a man's head round to hear these Fellows talk so; there is not one word true of all that he has said.

Duke. Then you do not know where *Constantia* is?

Jo. Not I, by Heavens.

Fred. O monstrous Impudence! upon my life Sir, I saw him shut her up into that house, and know his temper so, that if I had not stop'd him, I dare swear by this time he would have ravish'd her.

Jo. Now that is two Lies: for first he did not see her, and next the

Lady I led in is not to be ravish'd, she is so willing.

Duke. But look ye Sir, this doubt may easily be clear'd; let either *Petruchio* or I but see her, and if she be not *Constantia*, we engage our Honors (though we should know her) never to discover who she is.

Jo. I, but there's the point now, that I can ne'r consent to.

Duke. Why?

Jo. Because I gave her my word to the contrary.

Duke. And did you never break your word with a Woman?

Jo. Never before I lay with her; and that's the case now.

Petr. Pish, I won't be kept off thus any longer: Sir, either let me enter, or I'll force my way.

Fred. No pray Sir, let that be my Office, I will be reveng'd on him for having betray'd me to his friendship.

Petruchio and Fredetick offer to fight with John.

Duke. Nay ye shall not offer him foul play neither.
Hold Brother, pray a word; and with you too Sir.

Jo. Pox on't, would they would make an end of this business, that I might be with her again. Hark ye Gentlemen, I'll make ye a fair Proposition, leave off this Ceremony among your selves, and those dismal threats against me, phillip up cross or pile who shall begin first, and I'll do the best I can to entertain ye all one after another.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Now do my fingers itch to be about some bodies ears for the loils of my Gold. Ha! what's here to do, Swords drawn? I must make one, though it cost me the singing of ten *John Doryes* more. Courage brave Boy, I'll stand by thee as long as this Tool here lasts; and it was once a good one.

Petr. Who's this? *Antonio*? O Sir, you are welcome, you shall be e'en Judge between us.

Ant. No, no; no, not I Sir, I thank ye; I'll make work for others to judge of, I'm resolv'd to fight.

Petr. But we won't fight with you.

Ant. Then put up your Swords, or by this hand I'll lay about me.

Jo. Well said old *Bilbo* i'faith.

[*They put up their Swords.*]

Petr. Pray hear us though: this Gentleman saw him lock up my Sister into that house, and he refuses to let us see her.

Ant. How Friend? Is this true?

Jo. Nay good Sir, let not our friendship be broken before it is well made.

made. Look ye Gentlemen, to shew ye that you are all mistaken, and that my formal Friend there is an Ass.

Fred. I thank you Sir.

Jo. I'll give my consent that this Gentleman here shall see her, if his information can satisfy you.

Duke. Yes, yes; he knows her very well.

Jo. Then Sir, go in here if you please; I dare trust him with her, for he is too old to do her either good or harm.

Fred. I wonder how my Gentleman will get off from all this.

Jo. I shall be even with you Sir another time for all your grinning.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where is he?

Ser. He's run out o'the back door Sir.

Jo. How so?

Ser. Why Sir, he's ran after the Gentlewoman you brought in.

Jo. 'S death, how durst you let her out?

Ser. Why Sir, I knew nothing.

Jo. No thou ignorant Rascal, and therefore I'll beat something into thee. [Beats him.]

Fred. What, you won't kill him?

Jo. Nay can not near me, for if thou dost by Heavens I'll give thee as much; and would do so however, but that I won't lose time from looking after my dear Sweet—a pox confound you all. [Goes in and]

Duke. What? he has shut the Door. [Shuts the Door after him.]

Fred. It's no matter, I'll lead you to a private backway by that corner, where we shall meet him. [Exit.]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Antonio's Servant, Constables and Officers.

Ser. A Young Woman say'st thou and her Mother?

Man. Yes, just now come to the house. Not an hour ago.

Ser. It must be they, here Friend, here's money for you; be sure you take:

take 'em, and I'll reward you better when you have done.

Const. But Neighbour how—hup—shall I now—hup—know these these Parties? for I would—hup—execute my Office—hup—like—hup—a sober Person.

Man. That's hard; but you may easily know the Mother, for she is hup—drunk.

Const. Nay—hup—if she be drunk, let—hup—me alone to maul her, for—hup—I abhor a Drunkard—hup—let it be man—Woman, or—hup—Child.

Man. Ay Neighbour, one may see you hate drinking indeed.

Const. Why Neighbour—hup—did you ever see me drunk? answer me that Question: did you ever—hup—see me drunk?

Man. No, never, never: come away, here's the house. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter 1. Constantia.

1. *Const.* Oh, whither shall I run to hide my self! The Constable has seiz'd the Landlady, and I'm afraid the poor Child too. How to return to *Don Frederick's* house, I know not; and if I knew, I durst not, after those things the Landlady has told me of him. If I get not from this drunken Rabble, I expose my honour; and if I fall into my Brother's hands, I lose my life: you Powers above, look down and help me, I am faulty I confess, but greater faults have often met with lighter punishments:

*Then let not heavier yet on me be laid,
Be what I will, I am still what you have made.*

Enter Don John.

Jo. I'm almost dead with running, and will be so quite, but I will overtake her.

1. *Const.* Hold *Don John*, hold.

Jo. Who's that? Ha? is it you my Dear?

1. *Const.* For Heaven's sake Sir, carry me from hence, or I'm utterly undone.

Jo. Phoo pox', this is th' other: now could I almost beat her, for but making me the Proposition: Madam, there are some a coming that will do it a great deal better; but I am in such haste, that I vow to Gad Madam——

1. *Const.*

1. *Const.* Nay pray Sir stay, you are concern'd in this as well as I; for your Woman is taken.

Jo. Ha! my Woman?

[Goes back to her.

I vow to Gad Madam, I do so highly honor your Ladyship, that I would venture my life a thousand times to do you Service. But pray where is she?

1. *Const.* Why Sir, she is taken by the Constable.

Jo. Constable! which way went he?

[Rashly.

1. *Const.* I cannot tell, for I run out into the Streets just as he had seiz'd upon your Landlady.

Jo. Plague o'my Landlady, I meant t'other Woman.

1. *Const.* Other Woman Sir! I have seen no other Woman never since I left your house.

Jo. 'S heart, what have I been doing here then all this while? Madam, your most humble——

1. *Const.* Good Sir, be not so cruel, as to leave me in this distress.

Jo. No, no, no; I'm only going a little way, and will be back again presently.

1. *Const.* But pray Sir hear me; I'm in that danger——

Jo. No, no, no, I vow to Gad Madam, no danger i'the World; let me alone, I warrant you.

[Exit.

1. *Const.* He's gone, and I a lost wretched, miserable Creature, lost for ever.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. O; there she is.

1. *Const.* Who's this, Antonio? the fiercest Enemy I have. [Runs out.

Ant. Are ye so nimble-footed Gentlewoman? If I don't overtake you for all this, it shall go hard——

She'll break my wind with a pox to her.

A plague confound all Whores.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter Mother to the second-Constantia, and Kinswoman.

Kinf. But, Madam, be not so angry, perhaps she'll come again.

Mor. O Kinswoman, never speak of her more, for she's an odious Creature, to leave me thus i'th' lurch. I that have given her all her breeding, and intrusted her with my own Principles of Education.

Kinf. Proceit, Madam, I think she's a Person that knows as much of all that as ——

Mor

Mor. Knows, *Kinswoman*? There's ne'r a Woman in *Italy* of thrice her years knows so much the procedures of a true gallantry, and the infallible Principles of an honourable friendship as she does.

Kinf. And therefore, Madam, you ought to love her.

Mor. No, fie upon her, nothing at all, as I am a Christian: when once a Person fails in Fundamentals, she's at a period with me. Besides, with all her wit, *Constantia* is but a Fool, and calls all the Meniaderies of a bonne mine, affectation.

Kinf. Indeed I must confess, she's given a little too much to the careless way.

Mor. Ay, there you have hit it *Kinswoman*, the careless way has quite undone her. Will ye believe me *Kinswoman*? as I am a Christian, I never could make her do this, nor carry her body thus, but just when my eye was upon her; as soon as ever my back was turn'd, whip, her elbows were quite out again: would not you strange now at this?

Kinf. Bless me sweet goodness! But, pray Madam, how came *Constantia* to fall out with your Ladship? Did she take any thing ill of you?

Mor. As I'm a Christian I can't resolve you, unless it were that I led the dance first; but for that she must excuse me, I know she dances well, but there are others who perhaps understand the right swim of it as well as she;

Enter Don Frederick.

And though I love *Constantia*——

Fred. How's this? *Constantia*?

Mor. I know no reason why I should be debarr'd the privilege of shewing my own parts too sometimes.

Fred. If I am not mistaken that other Woman is the *Don John* and I were directed to, when we came first to Town, to bring us acquainted with *Constantia*. I'll try to get some Intelligence from her. Pray Lady, have I never seen you before?

Kinf. Yes, Sir, I think you have, with another Stranger, a Friend of yours, one day as I was coming out of the Church.

Fred. I'm right then. And pray who were you talking of?

Mor. Why Sir, of an inconsiderate inconsiderable Person, that has at once both forfeited the honor of my concern, and the concern of her own honor.

Fred. Very fine indeed. And is all this intended for the beautiful *Constantia*?

Mor. O fie upon her Sir, an odious Creature as I'm a Christian, no Beauty at all.

Fred.

Fred. Why, does not your Ladyship think her handsome?

Mot. Seriously, Sir, I don't think she's ugly, but as I'm a Christian, my Position is; That no true Beauty can be lodg'd in that Creature, who is not in some measure buoy'd up with a just sence of what is incumbent to the devoir of a Person of Quality.

Fred. That Position, Madam, is a little severe, but however she has been incumbent formerly, as your Ladyship is pleas'd to say; now that she's marry'd, and her Husband owns the Child, she is sufficiently justify'd for all she has done.

Mot. Sir, I must blushingly beg leave to say you are there in an error. I know there has been passages of love between 'em, but with a temperament so innocent, and so refin'd, as it did impose a negative upon the very possibility of her being with Child.

Fred. Sure she is not well acquainted with her. Pray Madam, how long have you known *Constantia*?

Mot. Long enough I think Sir; for I had the good fortune, or rather the ill one, to help her first to the light of the World.

Fred. Now cannot I discover by the fineness of this Dialect, whether she be the Mother or the Midwife: I had best ask t'other Woman.

Mot. No Sir, I assure you, my Daughter *Constantia* has never had a Child: a Child! ha, ha, ha; O goodness save us, a Child!

Fred. O then she is the Mother, and it seems is not inform'd of the matter. Well Madam, I shall not dispute this with you any further; but give me leave to wait upon you to your Daughter; for her Friend I assure ye is in great impatience to see her.

Mot. Friend Sir? I know none she has; I'm sure she loaths the very sight of him.

Fred. Of whom?

Mot. Why, of *Antonio* Sir, he that you were pleas'd to say had got my Daughter with Child. Sir—ha—ha—ha—

Fred. Still worse and worse; 'Slife cannot she be content with not letting me understand her, but must also resolve obstinately not to understand me because I speak plain? Why, Madam, I cannot express my self your way, therefore be not offended at me for it; I tell you I do not know *Antonio*, nor never nam'd him to you: I told you that the *Duke* has own'd *Constantia* for his Wife, that her Brother and he are Friends, and are both now in search after her.

Mot. Then as I'm a Christian, I suspect we have both been equally involv'd in the misfortune of a mistake. Sir I am in the derniere confusion to avow that though my Daughter *Constantia* has been lyable to several Addresses, yet she never has had the honour to be produc'd to his Grace.

Fred. So then you put her to bed to———

Mo. Antonio Sir, one whom my ebb of fortune forc'd me to enter into a negotiation with, in reference to my Daughter's Person; but as I'm a Christian with that candor in the action, as I was in no kind deny'd to be a witness of the thing.

Fred. So, now the thing is out. This is a damn'd Bawd, and I as damn'd a Rogue for what I did to *Don John*: for o' my conscience, this is that *Constantia* the Fellow told me of. I'll make him amends what e'r it cost me. Lady, you must give me leave not to part with you, till you meet with your Daughter, for some reasons I shall tell you hereafter.

Mo. Sir, I am so highly your Obligee for the manner of your Enquiries, and you have grounded your Determinations upon so just a Basis, that I shall not be ashamed to own my self a Votary to all your Commands. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Enter second Constantia.

2. *Const.* So, I'm once more freed from *Antonio*; but whither to go now, there's the question; nothing troubles me, but that he was sent up by that young Fellow, for I lik'd him with my Soul, would he had lik'd me so too.

Enter Don John, and a Shopkeeper.

Jo. Which way went she?

Shop. Who?

Jo. The Woman?

Shop. What Woman?

Jo. Why, a young Woman, a handsome Woman, the handsomest Woman thou ever saw'st in thy life: speak quickly Sirrah, or thou shalt speak no more.

Shop. Why, yonder's a Woman: what a Devil ays this Fellow? [Exit.]

Jo. O my dear Soul, take pity o' me, and give me comfort, for I'm e'en dead for want of thee:

2. *Const.* O you're a fine Gentleman indeed, to shut me up in your house, and send another man to me.

Jo. Pray hear me.

2. *Const.* No, I will never hear you more after such an Injury, what would ye have done if I had been kind to ye, that could use me thus before?

Jo. By my troth that's shrewdly urg'd.

2. *Const.*

2. *Const.* Besides, you basely broke your word.

Jo. But will ye hear nothing? nor did you hear nothing? I had three men upon me at once, and had I not consented to let that old Fellow up, who came to my rescue, they had all broken in whether I would or no.

2. *Const.* Faith it may be it was so, for I remember I heard a noise; but suppose it was not so, what then? why then I'll love him however. Hark ye Sir, I ought now to use you very scurvily, but I can't find in my heart to do it.

Jo. Then God's blessing on thy heart for it.

2. *Const.* But a——

Jo. What?

2. *Const.* I would fain ——

Jo. I, so would I: come let's go.

2. *Const.* I would fain know whether you can be kind to me.

Jo. That thou shalt presently; come away.

2. *Const.* And will you always?

Jo. Always? I can't say so; but I will as often as I can.

2. *Const.* Phoo! I mean love me.

Jo. Well, I mean that too.

2. *Const.* Swear then.

Jo. That I will upon my knees: what shall I say?

2. *Const.* Nay, use what words you please, so they be but hearty, and not those are spoken by the Priest, for that charm seldom proves fortunate.

Jo. I swear then by thy fair self, that look'st so like a Deity, and art the only thing I now can think of, that I'll adore thee to my dying day.

2. *Const.* And here I vow, the minute thou do'st leave me, I'll leave the World, that's kill my self.

Jo. O my dear heavenly Creature! ——— [Kisses her.]
That kiss now has almost put me into a swoon, for Heaven's sake let's quickly out of the Streets for fear of another scuffle. I durst encounter a whole Army for thy sake; but yet methinks I had better try my courage another way; what think'st thou?

2. *Const.* Well, well; why don't you go then? [As they are going out,

Enter 1. *Constantia*, and just then *Antonio* seizes upon her.

Jo. Who's this, my old new Friend has got there?

Ant. O have I caught you Gentlewoman at last?
Come, give me my Gold.

1. *Const.* I hope he takes me for another, I won't answer, for I had rather he should take me for any one than who I am.

Jo. Pray Sir, who is that you have there by the hand?

Ant. A Person of Honor Sir, that has broke open my Trunks, and run away with all my Gold; yet I'll hold ten pound I'll have it whip'd out of her again.

2. *Const.* Done, I'll hold you ten pounds of that now.

Ant. Ha! by my troth you have reason; and Lady I ask you pardon; but I'll have it whip'd out of you then Gossip.

Jo. Hold Sir, you must not meddle with my Goods.

Ant. Your Goods? how came she to be yours? I'm sure I bought her of her Mother, for five hundred good pieces in Gold, and she was abed with me all night too; deny that if you dare.

2. *Const.* Well, and what did you do when I was abed with you all night? confess that if you dare.

Ant. Umh, say you so?

1. *Const.* I'll try if this Lady will help me, for I know not whither else to go.

Ant. I shall be sham'd I see utterly except I make her hold her peace. Pray Sir by your leave; I hope you will allow me the Speech of one word with your Goods here, as you call her; 'tis but a small request.

Jo. I Sir, with all my heart. How, *Constantia*! Madam, now you have seen that Lady, I hope you will pardon the haste you met me in a little while ago; if I committed a fault, you must thank her for it.

1. *Const.* Sir, if you will for her sake, be perswaded to protect me from the violence of my Brother, I shall have reason to thank you both.

Jo. Nay Madam, now that I am in my wits again, and my heart's at ease, it shall go very hard but I will see yours so too; I was before distracted, and 'tis not strange the love of her should hinder me from remembring what was due to you, since it made me forget my self.

1. *Const.* Sir, I do know too well the power of Love, by my own experience, not to pardon all the effects of it in another.

Ant. Well then, I promise you, if you will but help me to my Gold again, (I mean that which you and your Mother stole out of my Trunk) that I'll never trouble you more.

2. *Const.* A match; and 'tis the best that you and I could ever make.

Jo. Pray Madam fear nothing; by my love I'll stand by you, and see that your Brother shall do you no harm.

2. *Const.* Hark ye Sir, a word; how dare you talk of love, or standing by any Lady, but me Sir?

Jo. By my troth that was a fault; but I did not mean it your way, I meant it only civilly.

2. *Const.* I, but if you are so very civil a Gentleman we shall not be long friends: I scorn to share your love with any one whatsoever; and for

for my part, I'm resolv'd either to have all or nothing.

Jo. Well my dear little Rogue, thou shalt have it all presently, as soon as we can but get rid of this Company.

2. *Const.* Phoo, y' are always abusing me.

Enter Frederick and Mother.

Fred. Come, now Madam, let not us speak one word more, but go quietly about our business; not but that I think it the greatest pleasure in the World to hear you talk, but ———

Mot. Do you indeed Sir? I swear then good wits jump Sir; for I have thought so my self a very great while.

Fred. You've all the reason imaginable. O, *Don John*, I ask thy pardon; but I hope I shall make thee amends, for I have found out the Mother, and she has promis'd me to help thee to thy Mistress again.

Jo. Sir, you may save your labour, the business is done, and I am fully satisfi'd.

Fred. And dost thou know who she is?

Jo. No faith, I never ask'd her name.

Fred. Why, then, I'll make thee yet more satisfi'd; this Lady here is that very *Constantia*———

Jo. Ha! thou hast not a mind to be knock'd off the pate too, hast thou?

Fred. No Sir, nor dare you do it neither; but for certain this is that very self same *Constantia* that thou and I so long look'd after.

Jo. I thought she was something more than ordinary; but shall I tell thee now a stranger thing than all this?

Fred. What's that?

Jo. Why, I will never more touch any other Woman for her sake.

Fred. Well, I submit; that indeed is stranger.

2. *Const.* Come Mother, deliver your Purse; I have deliver'd my self up to this young Fellow, and the bargain's made with that old Fellow, so he may have his Gold again, that all shall be well.

Mot. As I'm a Christian Sir, I took it away only to have the honour of restoring it again; for my hard fate having not bestow'd upon me a Fund which might capacitate me to make you Presents of my own, I had no way left for the exercise of my generosity, but by putting my self into a condition of giving back what was yours.

Ant. A very generous design indeed. So, now I'll e'en turn a sober Person, and leave off this wenching, and this fighting, for I begin to find it does not agree with me.

Fred. Madam, I'm heartily glad to meet your Ladyship here; we have been

been in a very great disorder since we saw you?—What's here, our Landlady and the Child again?

Enter Duke, Petruchio, and Landlady with the Child.

Petr. Yes, we met her going to be whip'd, in a drunken Constables hands that took her for another.

Jo. Why, then, pray let her e'en be taken and whip'd for her self, for on my word she deserves it.

Land. Yes, I'm sure of your good word at any time.

1. *Const.* Hark ye dear Landlady.

Land. O sweet Goodness! is it you? I have been in such a peck of troubles since I saw you; they took me, and they tumbled me, and they hall'd me, and they pull'd me, and they call'd me painted Jexebel, and the poor little Babe here did so take on. Come hither my Lord, come hither; here is *Constantia*.

1. *Const.* For Heaven's sake peace, yonder's my Brother, and if he discovers me I'm certainly ruin'd.

Duke. No, Madam, there is no danger.

1. *Const.* Were there a thousand dangers, in those Arms, I would run thus to meet them.

Duke. O my Dear, it were not safe that any should be here at present, for now my heart is so o'erpress'd with joy, that I should scarce be able to defend thee.

Petr. Sister, I'm so asham'd of all the faults, which my mistake has made me guilty of, that I know not how to ask your pardon for them.

1. *Const.* No, Brother, the fault was mine, in mistaking you so much, as not to impart the whole truth to you at first; but having begun my love without your consent, I never durst acquaint you with the progress of it.

Duke. Come, let the Consummation of our present joys, blot out the memory of all these past mistakes.

Jo. And when shall we consummate our Joys?

2. *Const.* Never;

We'll find out ways shall make 'em last for ever.

Jo. Now see the odds 'twixt marry'd Folks and Friends:
Our Love begins just where their Passion ends.

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.

PErhaps you Gentlemen, expect to day
 The Author of this sag end of a Play
 According to the Modern way of Wit
 Shou'd strive to be before-hand with the Pit,
 Begin to rail at you, and subtly to
 Prevent th' affront by giving the first blow.
 He wants not Presidents, which often sway
 In matters far more weighty than a Play :
 But he no grave admirer of a Rule,
 Won't by Example learn to play the fool.
 The end of Plays should be to entertain,
 And not to keep the Auditors in pain.
 Giving our price, and for what trash we please,
 He thinks the Play being done, you should have ease.
 No Wit, no Sence, no Freedom, and a Box,
 Is much like paying money for the Stocks.
 Besides the Author dreads the strut and meen
 Of new prais'd Poets, having often seen
 Some of his Fellows, who have writ before,
 When Nel has danc'd her Fig, steal to the Door,
 Hear the Pit clap, and with conceit of that
 Swell, and believe themselves the Lord knows what.
 Most Writers now adys are grown so vain,
 That once approv'd, they write, and write again,
 Till they have writ away the Fame they got ;
 Our Friend this way of writing fancies not,
 And hopes you will not tempt him with your Praise,
 To rank himself with some that write new Plays :
 For he knows ways enough to be undone
 Without the help of Poetry for one.

E N D

EPITOLUE.

Epitola non Gentilium, expecto to day
The author of this sagend of a Play
According to the Manner of 1771
Should have been before hand with the Poet
But to tell as you, and submit to
Present it, without giving the first blow
It wants not Presents; which often have
I sent in for many a day
But no more a matter of a Play
Nor, by example learn to play the fool
The end of this book is to entertain
And not to keep the Authors in pain
Giving one story, and the other in place
It is not in my power to do more
As I have no more, no friends, and a Box
I much like saying more for the story
But the Author thinks the first and more
Of new and I Post, having a few
Some of his Letters, who have not a few
When I had said it, but I had said it
That this is a Play, and much more of that
Well, and believe the Author the first and more
And I have not as yet given a few
The over-looked, it is a matter of a few
It is a Play, and the Author is a few
Our friend the man of writing, I have not
And hope you will not think him a few
I have said it, but I have said it
For he has a way enough to be a few
And he has a way of Poetry for one.

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